

# THE MONTH

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# THE MONTH

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## EDITORIAL COMMENTS

### **Auxilium Christianorum**

UNTIRINGLY does the Vicar of Christ proclaim to a godless world, desperately yet vainly struggling to escape the consequences of its own godlessness, the necessity, even for temporal well-being, of returning to the service of God. He speaks to all whether Christian or not, for, prior to any specific revelation, the human conscience recognizes the difference between good and evil, right and wrong, justice and injustice, selfishness and self-control, and all human experience, social and individual, illustrates the verdict of reason that violation of the natural moral law can produce only disorder, strife and disaster. At the beginning of October, the Month of the Rosary, the Pope issued a brief but weighty Encyclical, which recalls the fact that devout prayer to Our Lady was the providential means of breaking the power of Islam in the past and of purifying the Church from the corrupt Albigensian heresy. If happily to-day no internal malady threatens the life of the Church, there has arisen in Europe itself a worse foe to Christianity than ever the Moslem was—the spirit of atheistic liberalism, of which Soviet Russia with its communistic ramifications everywhere is the final and formidable fruit. Hence His Holiness bids his far-flung flock turn for protection to the advocacy of the Blessed Virgin, which has previously won help for Christendom in the like perils, by the frequent and devout recitation of the Rosary. This Catholic devotion which helps us to keep in mind the whole scheme of redemption, our eternal destiny and the means of securing it, has become one of the Catholic's chief extra-liturgical methods of approach to God's benevolence; the more efficacious, one may think, because so incompatible with any sense of self-sufficiency or personal merit. It is the prayer of a child addressed to both father and mother, conscious alike of its own need and of their love and their power. And God's children must have fervent recourse to it now, when Soviet atheism is fighting to extend its

sway in Spain, and Moors—so fundamental is the issue—are helping Christians to defeat it.

### How Bigotry Blinds

HOW much simple ignorance combined with prejudice, slavery to phrases and one-sided propaganda can do to blunt the intelligence of educated people has been shown by the reaction of 150 American Protestant pastors and professors to the explanation of the war in Spain by the Spanish hierarchy, published in English last August. That masterly document, so clear in its exposition of principle, so faithful in its adhesion to fact, so uncompromising in its repudiation of politics, has met in the minds of the 150 so dense a fog of political and religious bigotry that its plainest statements have been misunderstood and distorted.<sup>1</sup> The "Open Letter" that they published is of no importance in itself, although signed by some eminent names, and the more clear-sighted American Protestants will doubtless hasten to repudiate it, but it bears testimony to the success of constant anti-Catholic propaganda addressed to minds traditionally prepared to believe ill of Catholics. The usual assumption that the Spanish Government, legal and democratic, tolerant and free, the victim of a military rebellion, is fighting for liberty, while the reactionary Church stabs it in the back, is made the basis of a diatribe against a nobly Christian body of men, who, being reviled do not revile, but state the sober truth and pray for their deluded adversaries. They are Catholics, and therefore in the wrong; they are foreigners, and therefore foes of liberty; they are Spaniards, and therefore only half-civilized. Almost the whole strength of a wholly secularist Press, unscrupulous in its mendacity, has for fifteen months been feeding those insular mentalities with lies to their liking, and, having no breadth of knowledge to support them they have fallen easy victims. Yet, in any case, thus misled by hearsay, they are less to be blamed than our Protestant prelates and deans at home whom not even the testimony of their own eyes could convince that Red Valencia was anti-God—and who could hardly conceal their satisfaction at the visible overthrow of Popery in what had been once a benighted, priest-ridden land. The American anti-Catholics, though blame-worthy in their blind prejudice, had much fewer chances of enlightenment.

<sup>1</sup> It is excellently discussed and exposed in *The Tablet* for October 16th.



### Replies to the Spanish Bishops

THE Spanish Bishops' letter was addressed primarily to the Episcopates of the Catholic world—the surest way of reaching their flocks—and it has shared in this way something of the vogue of a Papal Encyclical. The various hierarchies will doubtless all respond in time. Meanwhile, the reply of the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Verdier (published in *The Tablet*, October 16th) admirably sums up the impression conveyed by the longer document, viz., that in Spain we see one phase of the assault by Antichrist on Christian civilization. The English hierarchy have answered in the same strain through a long letter of Archbishop Hinsley, published in the *Bulletin d'information espagnole* of October 5th, which speaks of “forces hostile to God which have made Spain the strategic centre of a world-revolution against the very foundation of European civilized society.” And the Irish Bishops assembled at Maynooth have added their testimony that “the whole Christian ideal . . . and even those basic human values that are the natural heritage of the race” hang upon the success of Nationalist Spain. In minds truly Christian that consideration overshadows all others, and the difficulty which non-Catholics generally, and even some Catholics, find in realizing the true nature of atheistic Communism and the Masonic anti-clerical liberalism which paved the way to it, gives a clear measure of the lamentable de-Christianization of the public mind of the age. From rejecting the Divinity of Christ, it has gone on to repudiate the Christian revelation and finally to banish God Himself from the world which He created. Accordingly, the interests of Christianity—that is, of all that is best and most stable in our civilization—are never considered by our politicians, who look upon the Spanish crusade merely as a sort of dog-fight between rival extremists. *The Times*, which may always be trusted to give the secularist view, declares (October 22nd) that “some hope for the future of Spain” may emerge from the “military equilibrium” which it assumes to exist and which gives a chance for the “moderate elements” to arrive at peace through compromise! That is the best diagnosis which the secular Press, having wholly ignored the Bishops' Letter, has to offer of Spanish affairs; not even yet has it realized that the conflict is between those absolute ultimates—the survival of religion and the spread of atheism.

### Short-sighted Policies

THE sudden agreement of Italy on October 20th to the scheme for the withdrawal of volunteers from Spain may be taken as proof that the Nationalists' victory is now regarded as assured, and that the assault on Christianity has been definitely defeated. It is somewhat ironic that the Powers which came to the defence of Christian liberty in Spain were the two Totalitarian regimes, whilst the "democracies," France and Britain, unwilling to break with atheist Russia, have more or less directly favoured the destructive forces of Communism. Yet we cannot think that either this country or France is indifferent to the Sovietizing of Spain. They are preoccupied, not with the danger to Christendom, but with the possibility of Italy growing stronger in the Western Mediterranean, and thus getting between France and her African possessions, and further obstructing the highway to the East. It is the miserable result of our tragic failure to outlaw war that all international relations are still distorted by its likelihood. In any case, the new Italy armed with the new weapon, the bombing aeroplane, has the Mediterranean route more under control than any other Power. With new and strongly fortified air-bases in Sardinia, Sicily, Rhodes, Tripoli, and lastly Pantellaria, that island right in the fairway at its narrowest part, Italy does not need Majorca nor a footing in the Spanish coast to make her lasting friendship highly desirable by those who want free use of the Mediterranean. It is becoming more and more clear that the alliance between France and the Soviets, a semi-Asiatic Government alien to Christian civilization, has not only weakened her own international influence, but by consequence our own. It is possible to find points of contact with Totalitarian States, which push Nationalism, a good thing in itself, to a vicious excess, but not with a regime like the Soviets' which aims at destroying the very foundations of government.

### Satisfied, therefore Peaceful

BRITISH politicians constantly assert, and with perfect sincerity, that the greatest interest of the Commonwealth is peace. This country has long ago abandoned the role of the aggressor. It covets no one's territory: by recognizing

India's right to self-government, and Egypt's independence, it has actually shed some of its imperialism. But all this claim to virtue is heavily discounted by the fact that the British Commonwealth has all it wants—about one-fifth of the land-surface of the globe—and that even so it does not "effectively occupy" large regions under its control. So although it does not positively disturb the peace, any more than the dog in the manger did, its very contented non-aggressiveness provokes others to do so. We gather from a valuable correspondence in *The Times* during the last month about the German claim for a restoration of her colonies that, although there are "die-hards" who still regard Germany as a defeated, deceitful and discredited foe, the bulk of sound expert opinion favours the removal of her grievance, now openly demanded. At the annual Nürnberg Congress on September 7th, Herr Hitler announced with much truth that the Versailles Treaty was dead, since by progressive stages Germany had shaken off all its restrictions. Even those regarding her colonies, which began (Article 119) "Germany renounces in favour of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers all her rights and titles over her overseas possessions," must be regarded as buried with the Treaty, since now Germany has emphatically withdrawn that renunciation. She wants her colonies restored to her, so as to wipe out the last token of defeat—a matter of prestige and status—and for reasons of trade, since she alone of the Great Powers has to depend for raw materials on the good will of others. The fact that Italy, equally poor in internal resources, has taken by force the last available portion of African territory, makes Germany's demand for what she believes she was unjustly deprived of all the more reasonable. Herr Hitler has said—"Europe will never be able to settle down until the colonial question is settled." What is Europe to reply?

### Make Africa a European Trust

IT is interesting to note that many of *The Times* writers advocate, as a way out of the *impasse*, the very solution of "Colonial Trusteeship" which the Archbishop of Westminster, fresh from his experiences as Apostolic Delegate for the African Missions, advocated in these pages just two years ago<sup>1</sup> and later on developed in a lecture at Leeds.<sup>2</sup> His Grace

<sup>1</sup> See "White Against Black in Africa," *THE MONTH*, October, 1935.

<sup>2</sup> "The Trusteeship of Native Races"; lecture in the Albert Hall, Leeds, January 20, 1937; reported in full in *The Tablet*, January 23rd.

recalled the two *ad hoc* Conferences, that of Berlin in 1885 and that of Brussels in 1890, whereby the European Powers who had possessions in Africa settled their differences and successfully established peace there—Conventions which were revised and renewed (Germany being absent) at St. Germain in 1919—and asked why there should not be established a Permanent Board of representative African Powers, who could combine to put their strength and their experience at the disposal of one another for the common object of helping the 150 million members of those “backward races” to become truly civilized, and of preserving them, in the spirit of the “sacred trust” which the Mandatory system proclaims, from every form of unjust spoliation. Writer after writer in *The Times* endorses this suggestion of the Archbishop’s. One Member of Parliament calls for, at least, an International Preparatory Commission to examine the feasibility of recasting the whole African colonial system. Others explicitly demand an extension of the Mandatory regime, so as to reconcile Germany to ruling her former dependencies under that system. Others, like Sir Arnold Wilson, would prefer a permanent “International Bureau of African Powers,” independent of the League, mainly consultative, but associating all in a well-informed combined effort to deal justly with the native. A wise suggestion is that time should not be lost in setting about this “peaceful change” with German assistance, since the only alternative is to say—“If you want colonies, you must take them by force.” There should be no “bolting of doors.”

### Co-operation and Mutual Confidence

ALL these suggestions have peace and justice in view—peace in Europe; justice in Africa—peace and justice through collaboration for a common good; the making of reparation to Africa for centuries of cruel wrong; the fulfilling of the only true title to government—the well-being of the governed. The objections which are raised against change, concession, co-operation and compromise for the sake of peace and justice mainly spring from an inability to take an all-round view, to shake off old prejudices, and to make allowance for the natural aspirations of other nations. Herr Hitler himself, at Nürnberg, said on September 12th, “our interest in colonies is chiefly commercial, and commercial exploitation of colonies is possible only under conditions of co-operation

amongst the colonial Powers." He also disclaimed any intention of creating naval bases in Africa. "Colonies are worth nothing if an enormous armed force has to be maintained to protect them." Now, the Allies pledged themselves in 1919 to make "an absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims"; it is surely time they set about fulfilling this pledge, after the fashion suggested in *The Times* correspondence, for the delay implies that they consider Germany, alone of all the nations, unfit to be entrusted with the control of backward races. There are, doubtless, blots on her colonial administration in the past, but what colonial Power can cast stones at her on that account? We do not know how France, Belgium and Portugal react to Germany's claim; we are concerned only with this country which, having received, one way or another, an accession of territory amounting to 2½ million square miles, with 93 million inhabitants, and yet showing itself incapable of developing enormous tracts of the Commonwealth, should, we think, in the interests of world peace be ready to complete the rehabilitation of Germany by seeking some means of satisfying her not unreasonable claims.

### Nazi-ism Abroad

THE resistance of one of the parties in the Union of South Africa to the idea of restoring the Mandated Territory of the South-West to Germany has been intensified by the political activities of the non-naturalized Germans living there, especially since, at the Nazi Foreign-Organization Congress at Stuttgart, on August 30th, the policy of extending the National Socialist "ideology" to all foreign Germans was formally adopted. It is an inevitable feature of Totalitarian One-Party States that those opposed to the party and to the loss of their rights as citizens, have frequently withdrawn in numbers into involuntary exile. There are thus amongst emigrants from these countries in various lands multitudes opposed to the political views of the dominant party at home. Accordingly, those Governments in both cases are endeavouring to intensify their control of their own supporters amongst the exiles; and thus arises a new and unwelcome source of disturbance to civil order in foreign countries. In the United States and in South-West Africa this policy meets with strong opposition and, indeed, it must be resented by any State in which it is applied, for it tends to spread all over the world domestic differences destructive of civil peace. The German

Government, pleading for equitable treatment from other nations, is thus creating the while unnecessary difficulties in its own path. What Cardinal Pacelli justly calls "racial idolatry" cannot but be detrimental to the quietude of the world. That the modern Nazi has adopted, developed and intensified all the excesses of pseudo-patriotism, which, from time to time, have disfigured every country, may be excused as a reaction from the humiliation of the Great War, but he should know that, if persisted in, this policy can do nothing to restore his reputation for good sense in the future.

### **Totalitarianism Anti-Christian**

THE recent visit of Signor Mussolini to Berlin, a gesture intended, with doubtful success, to impress the world with the depth and stability of the Totalitarian system, gave pause for a few days to the open progress of the Kulturkampf, but the cruel, relentless war against the Christian ideal shows no sign of relaxation. If he cannot be outlawed or banished like the Jew, the German Catholic can be reduced to the condition in which English Catholics over a century ago were forced to live—deprived of citizen rights and of all chance of employment in the State, of the right to public worship and to schools, and always liable to arbitrary fine and imprisonment. Nay, he is in worse case, for the persecuting English Government professed at least Christianity, and no public assault on Christian faith and morals was tolerated. But in Nazi Germany, Christianity is constantly reviled, its services ridiculed, and its ministers cruelly calumniated without means of redress. We should read and read again the Holy Father's sober and searching analysis, in "Mit Brennender Sorge," of this anti-Christian and, in effect, atheistic persecution of religion, for from that source rather than from the secular Press, we can best realize the profound folly of counteracting the extreme of internationalism by the extreme of nationalism. Yet with that luminous document before them, there are Catholics in Austria who are trying to bring their country under the infidel yoke of their neighbour. The conduct of the misguided Basques, who set their temporal concerns above the interests of God's Kingdom, finds an ominous parallel in the disloyalty to the Faith shown by these Nazi Catholics. We know that the Catholicism of Austria has already been grievously impaired by the growth of Communism: it is sad to think that all her Catholic sons are not content with Papal guidance.

"Vox et praeterea . . .?"

WHAT the British Prime Minister, at Scarborough on October 8th, called a "clarion-call from the other side of the Atlantic"—the speech on the conditions of International Peace delivered at Chicago by President Roosevelt on October 5th—indicates at any rate the abhorrence with which civilized peoples regard the continuance of warfare as a means of settling disputes, particularly the atrocities of its modern phases, *provided they themselves are not actually waging it*, but, for all its loftiness of conception and vigour of phrase, it ended on a weak and uncertain note. "America hates war, America hopes for peace. Therefore America actively engages in the search for peace." If he had concluded—"Therefore, America is ready to abolish aerial warfare, which constitutes the chief menace to peace and which has turned war into indiscriminate slaughter," he would have uttered a "clarion-call" to some purpose. But America and all the other nations which profess themselves shocked at Japan's use of this weapon, are squandering millions of pounds to make themselves more and more powerful adepts in its employment, and doing their best to impress upon their peoples that they too may one day suffer the fate of the Chinese, unless betimes they become troglodytes.

What a depressing commentary on the follies of human nature that in the year of grace 1937 civilization should be forced to defend itself with gas-masks and underground cellars, that human beings should be taught to become once again cave-men and to shelter themselves in the bowels of the earth.

So spoke the Home Secretary whose business it is to make the citizens raid-minded, and he had no counsel to offer except that we should wait till the world became sane again. It would become sane the sooner if powerful nations like Britain and the United States ceased to supply the material for bombing-planes, and used all their influence, *opportune, importune*, to discountenance this barbarity, however useful on occasion it may be to keep wild tribes in order. The present Prime Minister, speaking last February of the vast increase in war-expenditure, recorded his sense of the "incredible folly" of civilization in thus piling up unproductive burdens, whilst his predecessor in November, 1936, confessed that the rearmament of Europe was "inconceivable folly."



They all seem thoroughly agreed that we are acting foolishly, yet appear to think that it would be still more foolish to stop. The truth is that, as the Disarmament Conference showed, the Great Powers, jealous and mistrustful of each other, were never in earnest about trying.

### **The Protocols once more**

**W**E thought that, outside Nazi and other anti-Jewish circles, the stupid myth called "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion," so intrinsically lacking in verisimilitude and so clearly traceable to a forged document, had received its quietus after a public trial some two years ago before a Swiss Court. But it is wanted for propaganda by Nazi-ism and is therefore kept alive in the egregious Rosenberg's "Myth of the Nineteenth Century," and in Hitler's "Mein Kampf"—neither a work of any historical value. And latterly an assembly oddly called "The International Conference of World Service" has unanimously vouched for the authenticity of the silly concoction. We know nothing of the International Conference, but its unanimity is impressive until we reflect that the Conference might easily have ended its session in a concentration camp if it had reached any other conclusion. For its place of assembly was at Erfurt in the centre of Germany! The Berne Court had decided in favour of certain Jews who had brought a libel action against some promoters of the calumny, but the I.C.W.S. at Erfurt would have it that the Judge was bullied or bribed into a false verdict. *Populus vult decipi!* Still, we hope that Catholics will have more prudence than to renew belief in so moth-eaten a slander. Their own experience should warn them that the credulity of fanatics knows no bounds.

### **The Catholic Action Movement**

**W**E are glad to notice that the hopes we here expressed in regard to the Albert Hall meeting of September 30th—that talk would be followed by action—seem likely to be fulfilled. The Archbishop is getting together a Board of social experts to study and recommend applications of Catholic doctrine, a meeting of Catholic employers is projected for the new year, preliminary discussion of needs and remedies has received much stimulus, and a special Social Congress is to meet at Liverpool early in December. This latter is not a mere survey of the field but a formal send-off for a carefully-considered plan of social action in that important province.



But it is from Catholic business men that we expect the most noteworthy results of the meeting. If they take the advice of the President of the C.S.G., Archbishop Williams, and join that body or combine under its auspices to apply Christian principles to industry, they can accomplish much for the Faith. They are united already for social and professional purposes in two large Societies—the Catenians and the Knights of St. Columba: they only need add to their other activities the concerted application of Catholic remedies for industrial evils in order to meet the dire needs of the day. How vast are those needs has lately been graphically shown by photographs published in an evening paper of the domestic "interiors" of slum families up and down the country. These appalling revelations are more eloquent than shelves of printed books of the destitution in which the poor are forced to live, and of the heroic patience with which they put up with it. It is not always the fault of individual landlords, but it is the fault of the community which tolerates such inhuman conditions. *The Catholic Herald* is promoting by a carefully drawn-up and widely distributed *questionnaire*, a valuable investigation, later on to be digested and summarized, into the social conditions under which the modern Catholic worker has to live. The evidence thus accumulated will furnish both guidance and stimulus for effective Catholic Action.

### Obstacles to Christian Unity

**A** *UDI alteram partem* is generally a wise precaution to take when there is question of forming an opinion about some disputed point. But one cannot rightly apply it to questions such as revealed doctrines, which of their own nature are not in dispute. And even outside the scope of revelation, there are many questions, scientific, historical, moral, religious, which are now *choses jugées*, settled once for all by competent authority, whether purely human or ecclesiastical. Amongst these in the eyes of Catholics is the canonical position, *vis-à-vis* of the one true Church, of the religious body known as the Anglican Establishment. It is not, and never has been, connected vitally with the Catholic Church, having no valid *sacerdotium*, no Apostolic mission, no ecclesiastical jurisdiction. These facts are no longer questioned by instructed Catholics, yet from time to time Anglican writers are asked or permitted to "state their case" against them in continental Catholic periodicals, without being

answered there and then by a statement of the truth. This procedure is openly intended to favour the cause of "reunion"—a term which itself implies a mischievous fallacy since the two bodies have never been united. We have in view especially the writings of the advocates of that chimera, "Corporate Reunion," which have obtained entry into various French journals and have even been read at table in religious communities. It is not to be supposed that the hearers or readers of such special pleadings are well enough acquainted with the details of English Reformation history to be able to detect the false assumptions, fallacies and half-truths with which they abound, and thus there is danger of error being perpetuated, and the prospects of union, which depend on a clear grasp of historical and dogmatic truth, being indefinitely deferred. As long as "Corporate Reunionists" can plausibly persuade themselves that foreign Catholics tend to support their views, they will feel it less unreasonable to stay outside the Fold. In this connexion it is much to be desired that Dr. Messenger's exhaustive and definitive work on the English Reformation, reviewed in this issue, may speedily be translated into French.

### Marks of the Cloven Hoof

THE recent Act for extending facilities for divorce beyond that which may plausibly, though erroneously, claim to have Gospel warrant, is a definite step in the process of de-Christianizing the common law which Catholics, because of their small numbers, and Protestants because of their divergent moral views, are incapable of checking. All we can do is to record our protest, and continue our resistance to the best of our ability to a progressive defiance of Christian practice. We trust that in this regard Catholics will denounce, if only as tax-payers, the last impudent attempt of the Ministry of Health, in Circular 1622 on "Maternal Mortality," to give indirect sanction to the immoral practice of contraception, by suggesting in § 6 that, in public post-natal clinics, contraceptive advice may be given to women whom the doctor thinks should be taught that evil art. From this the step to similar immoral counsel is a comparatively short one, and we may ultimately arrive at the utter contempt of morality embodied in Germany's eugenic programme. This, surely, is an abuse of public money as well as of morality, and, moreover, it puts an unfair burden upon conscientious medical officers who naturally object to helping the State to promote vice.

## THE QUEST OF HENRY ADAMS

### II. THE INFLUENCE OF CHARTRES

THE ambition of Henry Adams as an historian was the decidedly vaulting one of finding a formula or set of laws that would bring history into some sort of mathematical relationship with the other sciences, and so enable him to interpret its data with the envied assurance of physicists in their laboratories. "The historian's business," he wrote, "was to follow the track of energy; to find where it came from and where it went to; . . . its values, equivalents, conversion." Human beings must, in fact, be herded like all other things into equations, for only thus could their potential devilry be plotted out and controlled, as well as their fragile angelhood forecast and encouraged. It is for the historian to discover the forces that push or pull them into mischief or goodness, and he had much better become a stockbroker or chimney-sweep, Adams thought in 1894, if he could not "fix with mathematical certainty the path which human society has got to follow."<sup>1</sup> To admit such an idea as Providence, except in the meaningless Stoic sense, would obviously be the ruin of this brave scheme, which reissued to the historians the first promise of the devil to mankind, "Ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil." Therefore against the idea of Providence Henry Adams strove with all his might, only to be patently defeated by the dynamo on the one hand, and—strange juxtaposition!—the Blessed Virgin on the other.

Adams met the dynamo for the first time during a mazed and half-incredulous fortnight at the Great Exposition of Chicago in 1893, where "educational game started like rabbits from every building, and ran out of sight among thousands of its kind before one could mark its burrow."<sup>2</sup> Seven

<sup>1</sup> "The Tendency of History." A paper reproduced in "The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma," by Henry Adams, p. 129.

<sup>2</sup> "The Education of Henry Adams," p. 339. One rabbit he did manage to seize, in the shape of the Cunard steamer which "ran the surest line of triangulation into the future, because it was the nearest of man's products to a unity." By elaborate calculations he worked out that, according to the given increase of power, tonnage and speed, the ocean steamer would reach its limits of development in 1927—sufficiently near the date of the contract for the "Queen Mary" (1930) to be a remarkable forecast. Another of his surmises, expressed casually in a letter to his brother, Brooks Adams, in

years later, this time at the Great Exhibition of Paris, the dynamos, acting like howitzers, blew a terrible hole in our hero's grand mechanical theory of history. *Terebratula* and *Pteraspis* were bad enough but these buzzing Molochs simply devoured Darwin alive, and with him Galileo, Newton, Descartes, Davy, Dalton, and all the other famous pontiffs of an understandable universe. For Adams the dynamo became a symbol of infinity, and he felt it, he says, "as a moral force much as the early Christians felt the Cross." But though so powerful an expression of ultimate energy, the dynamo was neither self-subsistent nor self-explanatory, and he demanded to know from his friend Samuel Langley, the great physicist, what the connexion was between it and "the heat latent in a few tons of poor coal, hidden in a dirty engine-house, carefully kept out of sight." To his consternation, Langley, who had doubled the extent of the solar spectrum known hitherto and invented the first aeroplane ever to fly, threw his hands up to heaven, protesting that "the new forces were anarchical, and especially that he was not responsible for the new rays that were little short of parricidal in their wicked spirit towards science." Radium had denied its god and physics was left standing on its head, in which uncomfortable position it still remains. Langley felt the problems acutely, but he possessed the gift, totally denied to Adams, of wandering past them "in a courteous temper, even bowing to them distantly, as though recognizing their existence while doubting their respectability." Adams must for ever wrestle with the problems, and, Darwin and the dynamo having failed him, he determined to take the final plunge of translating all forces, meaning things that do, or help to do, work, into terms of attraction on thought. It was in this way that Our Lady of Chartres came to occupy his mind almost exclusively, for "symbol or energy, the Virgin had acted as the greatest force the Western world ever felt, and had drawn men's activities to herself more strongly than any other power, natural or supernatural, had ever done." Not all the steam in the world, he said, could have built Chartres, as she had done, and so to Chartres and the century of Chartres he would go for the clue which the dynamo denied him.

1894, is even worthier of note: "Our so-called civilization has shown its movement, even at the centre, arrested; it has failed to concentrate further; its next effort may succeed, but it is more likely to be one of disintegration, with Russia for the eccentric on one side and America on the other." Quoted by Brooks Adams in his introduction to "The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma," p. 98.

Adams's new plan was to take two points in the history of mankind between which he would try to trace the operation of force in its attraction on thought, both as to its direction and as to its law of acceleration. For his first point, he chose the twelfth century in Europe which, after many years of study, he judged to be the period when "man had held the highest idea of himself as a unit in a unified universe." The second point selected was his own age, as he had himself experienced it in all its bewildering multiplicity. Such was the origin of his two great books, "*Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*," and "*The Education of Henry Adams*," but the link between them, the mechanical law whereby the unity turned to multiplicity, Henry Adams never forged, for the very good reason that the metal out of which to make it does not exist.

As one of the profoundest and most far-reaching influences in the development of Western culture, the Blessed Virgin had captured the heart of Adams, whatever reservations he might make about his head, as far back as 1895. Scores of times he visited her shrines scattered over rural France, where "in the long summer days one found a sort of saturated green pleasure in the forests, and a grey infinity of rest in the little twelfth-century churches that lined them, as unassuming as their own mosses, and as sure of their purpose as their round arches." Sure of their purpose!—that was what made this victim of multiplicity, who was sure of nothing, haunt their modest doors, or slip away from his friends in Paris to spend a whole ecstatic day by himself at Chartres. Of course, he gave out to his friends and insisted in his books that religion had nothing whatever to do with his preoccupation. He was interested in the Blessed Virgin, he said, purely as a social force. In 1904, Our Lady constrained him to buy a motor-car, the one form of force that he most abominated, because "the automobile alone could unite her monuments in any reasonable sequence." Then he set aside the summer to find out what they could tell him :

For him, the Virgin was an adorable mistress, who led the automobile and its owner where she would, to her wonderful palaces and châteaux, from Chartres to Rouen, and thence to Amiens and Laon, and a score of others, kindly receiving, amusing, charming and dazzling her lover, as though she were Aphrodite herself, worth all else that man ever dreamed. He never doubted her force,

since he felt it to the last fibre of his being, and could no more dispute its mastery than he could dispute the force of gravitation, of which he knew nothing but the formula. He was only too glad to yield himself entirely, not to her charm or to any sentimentality of religion, but to her mental and physical energy of creation which had built up these World's Fairs of thirteenth-century force that turned Chicago and St. Louis pale.<sup>1</sup>

At this period Adams, if unbelieving, was at least "desperately hoping to understand," as is made touchingly plain by his gallant effort in "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" to assimilate the *Chansons de Geste*, the mysticism of the Victorines, St. Francis of Assisi, the *Summa* of St. Thomas, the spirit of the Crusades, and the Gothic cathedrals, all, as it were, at one sitting. His book, gracious and beautiful though it is, was not so soundly designed as the churches which he loved, and, no doubt, many of its gay finials of theory would quickly crumble at the icy touch of a specialist. But it possesses a virtue beyond mere learning, a perfume of the past more precious than any disinfectants old dryasdust will ever produce. This is not to say that Adams was not a learned man. He was fabulously learned, but he owned, too, the rarer gift of being able to capture and fix the tenuous lineaments of men's dreams. Our Lady, he believed, was their grandest and loveliest dream.

It is not to be looked for that, when a Boston Unitarian who had lost whatever faith he once possessed speaks about the Mother of God, he will use the carefully measured language of a Catholic theologian. But it is of great interest to us who love her to see how she affected one so wise in sad experience who had come to her from so far. However much of a Stoic, and of a rigid "mathematical" historian he tried to be, Adams felt in his bones that love and pity would have the last word over mechanics. Our Lady disclosed herself to him as primarily the Mother of Mercy, and her shrine at Chartres became for him the supreme expression of human needs and longings. This is how he describes the Western Rose of Chartres, and its exaggerations may be forgiven for the sake of the central truth that is so beautifully divined:

Looking carefully, one discovers at last that this gorgeous combination of all the hues of Paradise contains or

<sup>1</sup> "The Education of Henry Adams," p. 469.

hides a Last Judgment. . . That this blaze of heavenly light was intended, either by the Virgin or by her workmen, to convey ideas of terror or pain, is a notion which the Church might possibly preach, but which we sinners knew to be false in the thirteenth century as well as we know it now. Never in all these seven hundred years has one of us looked up at this rose without feeling it to be Our Lady's promise of Paradise. Here as everywhere else throughout the church one feels the Virgin's presence, with no other thought than her majesty and grace. To the Virgin and to her suppliants, as to us, who though outcasts in other churches can still hope in hers, the Last Judgment was not a symbol of God's justice or man's corruption, but of her own infinite mercy. The Trinity judged, through Christ;—Christ loved and pardoned, through her. She wielded the last and highest power on earth and in hell. In the glow and beauty of her nature, the light of her Son's infinite love shone as the sunlight through the glass, turning the Last Judgment itself into the highest proof of her divine and supreme authority. . . For what was the Last Judgment to her! An ornament, a plaything, a pleasure! A jewelled decoration which she wore on her breast! Her chief joy was to pardon; her eternal instinct was to love; her deepest passion was pity! On her imperial heart the flames of hell showed only the opaline colours of heaven. . .<sup>1</sup>

The tendency which Adams thought he traced in the glass and sculptures of Chartres to set up Our Lady as a court of appeal from the judgments of the Blessed Trinity is a purely subjective notion, derived from his too literal reading of the famous "*Miracles de la Sainte Vierge*." These Mary-legends were the fairy tales of medieval Catholicism and may no more be pressed in detail as evidence of what those who loved them believed than any other variety of fairy tales. For an understanding mind their extravagances are but the picturesque, multi-coloured raiment in which men delight to clothe the truths that are dear to them. "I would not give much," said Newman, "for that love which is never extravagant, which always observes the proprieties, and can move about in perfect good taste, under all emergencies." Who would give much for it, except as a sorry weapon of controversy? The truths that shine out of the medieval stories of Our Lady's

<sup>1</sup> "*Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*," pp. 144—145.



power and love are as dear and living to hundreds of millions to-day as they were to the builders of Chartres in the thirteenth century or to the people of Ravenna who heard St. Peter Chrysologus preach eight hundred years earlier: "Heaven feels awe of God, angels tremble at Him, the creature sustains Him not, nature sufficeth not; and yet one maiden so takes, receives, entertains Him, as a guest within her breast, that, for the very hire of her home, and as the price of her womb, she asks, she obtains peace for the earth, glory for the heavens, salvation for the lost, life for the dead." That Our Lady "embarrassed the Trinity" is merely the conceit of Adams, the quondam Unitarian, who, with his strong prejudice against "theology in the metaphysical sense," liked to fancy Chartres as so much the creation and possession of Mary that "not only was the Son absorbed in the Mother, but the Father fared no better, and the Holy Ghost followed." A child might have pointed out to him that Chartres, as well as all other cathedrals, was designed before everything for the celebration of the Mass, in which, except on her own feasts, the sweet name of Mary is barely mentioned. Indeed, forgetful of the contradiction, he points it out himself by quoting extracts from the letter of an eyewitness which describes the spirit that animated the builders of Chartres:

Who has ever seen, who has ever heard tell in times past, that powerful princes of the world, that men brought up in honour and in wealth, that nobles, men and women, have bent their proud and haughty necks to the harness of carts, and that, like beasts of burden, they have dragged to the abode of Christ these waggons, loaded with wines, grain, oil, stone, wood, and all that is necessary for the construction of the church. But while they draw these burdens there is one thing admirable to observe; it is that often when a thousand persons and more are attached to the chariots, yet they march in such silence that not a murmur is heard, and truly if one did not see the thing with one's eyes, one might believe that among such a multitude there was hardly a person present. When they halt on the road, nothing is heard but the confession of sins, and pure and suppliant prayer to God to obtain pardon. At the voice of the priests who exhort their hearts to peace, they forget all hatred, discord is thrown far aside, debts are remitted, the unity of hearts is established. . . There one sees the priests who preside



over each chariot exhort everyone to penitence, to confession of faults, to the resolution of better life. There one sees old people, young people, little children calling on the Lord with a suppliant voice, and uttering to Him, from the depth of the heart, sobs and sighs with words of glory and praise! . . . Afterwards the priests and clerics close the ceremony by processions which the people follow with devout heart, imploring the clemency of the Lord and of His Blessed Mother for the recovery of the sick.<sup>1</sup>

Here, however, our concern is not to criticize Adams as an interpreter of the medieval mind, but rather to see how his own very modern mind felt the appeal of the Mother of God. Like many another bright intellect, Adams was determinedly anti-intellectual. He admired St. Thomas, but he adored St. Francis, and felt that the best way to meet an attack of syllogisms was the one adopted by Fra Egidio who waited until the conclusions were laid down, and then, taking a flute from the folds of his robe, played his answer in rustic melodies. Nevertheless, he could recognize in the Summa of St. Thomas the counterpart of Amiens Cathedral, or of his own beloved Chartres:

In Saint Thomas's church, man's free will was the aspiration to God, and he treated it as the architects of Chartres and Laon had treated their famous flèches. The square foundation-tower, the expression of God's power in act—His Creation—rose to the level of the Church façade as a part of the normal unity of God's energy; and then, suddenly, without show of effort, without break, without logical violence, became a many-sided, voluntary, vanishing human soul, and neither Villard de Honnecourt nor Duns Scotus could distinguish where God's power ends and man's free will begins. All they saw was the soul vanishing into the skies. How it was done, one does not care to ask; in a result so exquisite, one has not the heart to find fault with "adresse." . . . Thomas Aquinas would probably have built a better cathedral at Beauvais than the actual architect who planned it. . . Both were great artists; perhaps in their professions, the greatest that ever lived. . . The architects of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries took the

<sup>1</sup> Archbishop Hugo of Rouen writing to Bishop Thierry of Amiens. Quoted in "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres," pp. 104-5.

Church and the universe for truths, and tried to express them in a structure which should be final. Knowing by an enormous experience precisely where the strains were to come, they enlarged their scale to the utmost point of material endurance, lightening the load and distributing the burden until the gutters and gargoyles that seem mere ornaments, and the grotesques that seem rude absurdities, all do work either for the arch or for the eye; and every inch of material, up and down, from crypt to vault, from man to God, from the universe to the atom, had its task . . . so that, from the cross on the *flèche* and the keystone of the vault, down through the ribbed nervures, the columns, the windows, to the foundations of the flying buttresses far beyond the walls, one idea controlled every line; and this is true of St. Thomas's Church as it is of Amiens Cathedral. . .

In the "Education" (p. 429), Adams admitted that St. Thomas nearly compelled him to become a Catholic, for only on St. Thomas's terms was it possible to hang on to the universe as a unity at all. Rather than surrender, however, even to so noble a spear, he preferred to accept the universe as a "multiverse" and find what consolation he could for his baffled, tormented soul in the thought of her who, since the Marriage Feast of Cana, has been the refuge of everybody in a predicament. "Not to dwell too long upon it," he wrote, "one admits that hers is the only Church. One would admit anything that she should require. If you only had the soul of a shrimp, you would crawl, like the Abbé Suger, to kiss her feet." With all his reserve, and despite the irony and paradox which he so constantly uses for its protection, he could not entirely exclude from his books hints of his deepest convictions, and we have besides the testimony of the niece who knew him best that from being merely the loveliest of dreams Our Lady enthroned herself in his mind as the most gracious and satisfying of realities. "The Virgin with her Divine Child," she wrote, "lifted him up with a radiant tenderness that he had not known before. His mind might be exercising itself in dynamic theories and mounting on dizzy flights,<sup>1</sup> but his soul had found a refuge in which it could

<sup>1</sup> Adams, being a wise and learned man, had always the profoundest respect for the intelligence of women, so he would not, perhaps, have minded so much to learn that his mathematical theory of history has received its most crushing refutation in the book of a woman, Miss Hilda Oakeley's "History and the Self," published in 1934.

stay for ever. . . Thoroughly established under such patronage, perhaps it was no wonder that the miraculous happened to him, and the impossible became possible. A severe illness passed completely away, from which the doctors had pronounced that there was no hope of recovery. And six of the most serene years of the Uncle's life were still left to him. These were the *glorious* years, for they were like a resurrection, and almost a step into Heaven."<sup>1</sup>

The great delight of Adams during those last peaceful years as an old, half-blinded man, was to listen to twelfth- and thirteenth-century songs, songs of the Crusades, love songs or spinning-songs, beautifully sung to him by one of the devoted "daughter-nieces" who attended to his comforts. "But every evening before saying good-night, the Uncle would ask for a song to the Virgin. With eyes half-closed and head thrown back, he would listen intently, as if joining in the song or *prayer* himself." After his death, which came peacefully to him in sleep, some verses entitled "Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres" were found in a little wallet of his special papers. He was a many-sided man and his life had had many phases, but if the verses mean anything at all they mean that for him, too, when his poor human resources were exhausted, Our Lady of Mercy, the Cause of our Joy, had whispered to her Son, "He has no more wine":

So while we slowly rack and torture death  
And wait for what the final void will show,  
Waiting I feel the energy of faith,  
Not in the future science, but in you!

The man who solves the Infinite, and needs  
The force of solar systems for his play,  
Will not need me, nor greatly care what deeds  
Made me illustrious in the dawn of day.

He will send me, dethroned, to claim my rights,  
Fossil survival of an age of stone,  
Among the cave-men and the troglodytes  
Who carved the mammoth on the mammoth's bone.

But when, like me, he too has trod the track  
Which leads him up to power above control,  
He too will have no choice but wander back  
And sink in helpless hopelessness of soul,

<sup>1</sup> "A Niece's Memories," in "Letters to a Niece," pp. 20-21, 23.

Before your majesty of grace and love,  
The purity, the beauty, and the faith;  
The depth of tenderness beneath; above  
The glory of the life and of the death.

Help me to feel! Not with my insect sense—  
With yours that felt all life alive in you;  
Infinite heart beating at your expense;  
Infinite passion breathing the breath you drew!

How Henry Adams and Charles Péguy might have loved one another, had they ever met! They came from opposite poles, the one an aristocrat to his fingers' tips and the other as thoroughly an artisan, but they both fought their way out of atheism to the same conclusion, that in dim ways, fervently believed if only vaguely understood, the Virgin Mother of God was the clue to their dark mysteries, the keystone of that dear arch of human brotherhood with which they so ardently longed to bridge the divisions between their fellow-men. Before he went into battle to die for his dream in 1914, Péguy made a pact with four women friends, a Catholic, a Protestant, a Jewess, and an Agnostic, who all promised him that they would go on pilgrimage every year to pray for his soul at the shrine of Our Lady of Chartres, if he never returned. It is an arresting thought that those two great men, who were similar only in their sorrows, should have spent their last conscious hours similarly employed, Adams listening devoutly to songs in Our Lady's praise, and Péguy decking with flowers one of her abandoned altars.

JAMES BRODRICK.

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### *To the Unknown God*

MAN saith "I have roamed the whole world o'er;  
Never builded me hearth nor shrine,  
Seeking, yet finding naught to adore  
Ah, well I know that the loss was mine."

But his dying looks shall find e'er they fade  
The Eyes that closed in death for him,  
And the Love that engirdles all things made  
Shall fold him round while the earth grows dim.

W. REITH.

## EAST AND WEST

### A NEW THEOLOGICAL APPROACH<sup>1</sup>

PROFESSOR SERGIUS BULGAKOV has of late been accepted by Western students as the ablest representative of the Eastern tradition in theology. We say, by Western students, because it would seem that he is not altogether beyond suspicion among those of his own belief. He writes with wide knowledge, of the Greek world of Plato, of the world of the Constantines and the Greek Fathers, of the modern Orthodox world and its many divisions; he writes, moreover, as a convert from Marxism, stimulated by the present agony of his own Russian Church, looking with longing towards Latin Christians in the hope that they will hear him and understand. He sees the deadening effects on his own Communion of the cleavage between East and West, the still further disasters that have followed the divisions in Western Christendom; keen theologian as he is his view is that no real union is possible except on a dogmatic basis. A mere patching together of broken fragments can serve us in little or nothing; the Church, if she is truly the guardian and exponent of revealed truth, must speak not with diverse voices but with one alone. Consequently, he holds that if we would come together, if we would verily understand one another and agree, we must begin with theology; to whittle away the truth till we find a common formula will be of no avail, it will be found to be no more than a betrayal of our trust, a sacrifice of substance for shadow.

It is with a view to expressing the Eastern theological mind to the Western world that Professor Bulgakov has devoted his labours; he has tried, and continues to try, to let Latin Christians know what the Eastern Christians really believe. And for this purpose he has evolved a theological system, turning upon the Wisdom of God, which he has aptly called "Sophiology." As in the West many theologians, both Catholic and non-Catholic, tend to find the unifying principle of their theology in the Mystical Body of Christ, so Profes-

<sup>1</sup>"The Wisdom of God: A brief summary of Sophiology." By the Very Rev. Sergius Bulgakov, Dean of the Russian Theological Institute, Paris. With a Preface by the Rev. Frank Gavin. London: Williams & Norgate. Pp. 224. Price, 6s.

sor Bulgakov would find his in Sophia, the Wisdom of God. It is no new doctrine that he teaches; it is rather a new perspective and, as such, it is applicable to Christian theology of whatever form, of the East or of the West. He writes in his Introduction:

Sophiology represents a theological, or, if you prefer, a dogmatic interpretation of the world within Christianity. . . . The sophiological point of view brings to bear upon *all* Christian teaching and dogma, beginning with the doctrine of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation and ending with questions of practical everyday Christianity in our own time, a special interpretation (p. 29).

Since Professor Bulgakov's exposition is intended, not merely as a treatise or "summary" of Orthodox theology, but as a positive contribution to reunion on a dogmatic basis, it should be worth our while to form at least some idea of his system. This is, for us of the Latin Rite, the more important because the author has a serious complaint against us; by over-rigid Aristotelianism, he says, we have tended to kill the very life of our theology, not, it is true, as thoroughly as Protestantism, but, nevertheless, thoroughly enough. Leaving his condemnation of Protestantism<sup>1</sup> and the Reformation to those whom it may concern, we may confine ourselves to his complaint against our own theologians. For instance, after his chapter on the Blessed Trinity, he adds the footnote:

We must here draw attention to the meagre interest displayed in the doctrine of the one Ousia in trinitarian theology. This accounts for the absence of sophiology which would otherwise have been evoked by the doctrine. It may even be said that the conception of Ousia has remained in the lifeless scholastic form in which it was taken over from Aristotle (p. 84).

Such a passage, and there are several of the kind, obviously contains a challenge. It is the purpose of this short study to reply to that challenge; not in any spirit of controversy, but with a view to fostering that mutual understanding and re-

<sup>1</sup> "Protestantism showed itself particularly barren in this sphere, for it narrowed tremendously the whole range of theological problems. This is particularly true of modern Protestantism, both of the 'liberal' variety with its rationalistic adogmaticism and historicism, and of the 'orthodox' variety which reintroduces with new vigour all the limitations of its original world-outlook" (p. 19).

union which M. Bulgakov and others have so much at heart. We would show that his teaching of Sophiology has much in common with the teaching of St. Thomas; we would add that if the Angelic Doctor has seemed to make less of Sophiology than M. Bulgakov does, it has been because he has treated the Wisdom of God in conjunction with the other divine attributes, not that he has in any way underestimated its significance.<sup>1</sup>

It is difficult to summarize what is already described as "a brief summary"; and the difficulty is made none the easier because the author has nowhere given us a definition of his principal term. We learn what is meant by "Sophia," as it were, while we go along. Again, while he sees the difference between one distinction and another, he tends, so it seems to us, to confuse their use. The theological student, familiar with his *distinctio virtualis cum fundamento in re*, will easily follow the author's argument; indeed at times he may wonder whether more is required to resolve a problem. But let the Professor speak for himself. He begins from the Bible, dwelling on the place of Wisdom, in the Old Testament and in the New. In the Book of Proverbs, especially in c. viii, 22—31, in Ecclesiasticus, for instance cc. i and xxiv, even in the New Testament, as in Matthew xi, 19, Luke vii, 35, and in many other places, we find

side by side with a revelation of the personal being of God, a doctrine of Divine Wisdom, either in God or with God (p. 50).

In other words, the Bible distinguishes between God and Wisdom; is this merely a figure of speech, or does it point to a means of understanding better God and His manifestation? The answer to this question is what is meant by "Sophiology." The Professor naturally begins with a discussion of the Blessed Trinity, and he finds in Sophia the ablest and safest distinction between the divine Persons.

The Father represents the transcendental principle within the Holy Trinity, he who does not reveal himself but is revealed, in so far as he is immanent in the other two Hypostases which reveal him (p. 65).

With this as the key to his exposition we must briefly

<sup>1</sup> For instance, how many passages like the following might be quoted from the "Summa Theologica" alone?—"The divine Essence itself is Charity, as it is also Wisdom and Goodness," II—II, 23, 2, ad 1.

summarize the rest. The Father is the Source of Wisdom, subjective Sophia, in whom Sophia and Ousia (Being) are one. The Son is the complete manifestation of that Wisdom, objective Sophia; He therefore possesses Sophia as His own Ousia, He is the Wisdom of God.<sup>1</sup> But this is done through the Spirit of love, which alone is the life of God and therefore of His Sophia; the Holy Spirit, therefore, is the Spirit of Sophia, without whom it could not be.<sup>2</sup>

The discussion then comes to the meaning of Creation, to the Divine Sophia as manifested in "creaturely Sophia." At once the writer is confronted with the time-old problem of existence, the distinction between the Absolute and the relative, and the way by which the creature can come to know its Creator. He meets the problem, in succession to the Greek Fathers, by type and prototype :

Nothing new is introduced for God by the life of the world of creatures. . . Its being is only a reflection and a mirror of the world of God. . . Thus the doctrine of Sophia as the prototype of creation finds ample support in the tradition of the Church (pp. 99—101).

Hence,

In creating the world by his omnipotence from "nothing" God communicates to it something of the vigour of his own being, and, in the divine Sophia, unites the world with his own divine life. In so far as the creature is able to bear it, he communicates Sophia, the creaturely Sophia, to creation (p. 111).

Thus, through Sophia, man is made both to the image and

<sup>1</sup> Much more of this point expanded by the author is paralleled by the following: "Hence also Augustine says (*De Trin.*, VII, 11) that the word is *begotten wisdom*; for it is nothing but the concept of the wise man; and in the same way it can be called *begotten knowledge*," "Summa," I, 34, 1 ad 2.

<sup>2</sup> Though St. Thomas, as we have said, nowhere discussed divine Wisdom apart from the other attributes, still at times he is explicit enough. Thus in the following passage he seems to assert all that M. Bulgakov wishes to say: "If the essential attributes were appropriated to the Persons as exclusively belonging to each of them, then it would follow that one Person would be as a form as regards another; which Augustine altogether repudiates (*De Trin.*, VII), showing that the Father is wise, not by the wisdom begotten by Him, as though only the Son were Wisdom; so that the Father and the Son together only can be called wise, but not the Father without the Son. But the Son is called the Wisdom of the Father, because He is Wisdom from the Father Who is Wisdom. For each of them is of Himself Wisdom; and both together are one Wisdom. Whence the Father is not wise by the Wisdom begotten of Him but by the Wisdom which is His own Essence," *ibid.*, I, 39, 7 ad 2.



to the likeness of God; he is made akin to God, with the duty laid upon him of growing more and more like to his Prototype. And since "the Word is the Prototype, *par excellence*, of humankind" (p. 126), we have the key to the Incarnation. God-made-man was truly God, the nature of God never left Him; this was divine Sophia living in Him. But that He might "make himself one with mankind" He laid aside the divine for the creaturely Sophia; this was the "kenosis" of which the Apostle speaks. M. Bulgakov sums up his exposition of the Incarnation and its effects in a beautiful passage:

"All power is given to me in heaven and in earth" (Matt. xxviii, 18). This "and" points to the link between heaven and earth, to God-manhood, the unity of divine and created Wisdom. The unity is realized in the progressive penetration of the world by Wisdom, bringing it gradually into conformity with its prototype in Wisdom (p. 143).

The explanation of the Incarnation is followed, first, by that of Pentecost, and the necessary connexion between the two, next by that of Our Lady and the sublime place she holds in the Church of the East.<sup>1</sup> The Western lover of Mary will read these pages with renewed interest; they are written with a devotion and care that make for truth. We can only wonder at one thing. Though the author, as might be expected, declines to accept the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, still his distinction is so fine that one asks whether it is the dogma he rejects, or only the name.

"The Blessed Virgin knows no *personal* sin," he writes; "she was manifestly sanctified by the Holy Ghost from the very moment of her conception" (p. 174).

It remains only to mention Professor Bulgakov's idea of the Church, considered as created Sophia. What, then, is the Church—that word which so many who seek reunion are eager to use, but so few seem at all eager to define, although as Professor Bulgakov so rightly says, upon its true definition

<sup>1</sup> M. Bulgakov complains of the Protestant rejection of Our Lady. He writes: "The Protestant mind, by some curious insensibility, quite fails to appreciate the position which belongs to the Virgin Mary, not only in the Incarnation but in the whole life of the Church. . . . For us, the dogma of the divine maternity of Our Lady is fully illumined only in the light of the doctrine of Sophia, the divine Wisdom in creation" (p. 173). Perhaps we may also remind him that even in the Latin litany one of Mary's titles is "Sedes Sapientiae."

everything depends? He therefore looks at it from many angles. We may give his conclusion in his own words :

We may say that in the present age the Church is the body of Christ precisely as being that eucharistic body on which are bestowed the eucharistic gifts of the Holy Ghost, the giver of life in Christ (p. 206).

Or, as he has said on an earlier page :

This process [of bringing the world gradually into conformity with its prototype in Wisdom] is accomplished in the continuance in the world of that ministry of Christ which he has already fulfilled in person in his life in the world. It is a ministry at once prophetic, in the Word, priestly, in the Sacraments, and regal, in as far as Christ is crowned King of kings over all the world. And its effect is to bring the world into conformity with the divine plan for it, and so to manifest it as the creaturely Sophia, the Wisdom of God (p. 143).

Such is the Church as M. Bulgakov sees it, a living body, "the guardian of the sacraments through that power of life which it derives by the 'apostolic succession' from Christ" (p. 208). It would be unfair to him to omit his conclusion, for this, in some sense, is the purpose of his book. "Since [the Church] is God-manhood in history, it is inseparable from the life of mankind in time" (p. 208). It may not, cannot, be passed over in the affairs of men or of nations.

A consequence of this fact is the social mission of the Church, which leads it to extend its solicitude to, and to accept responsibility for, the redemption, not only of the individual personality, but also of social life. This is not merely the practical application of Christian ethics or an opportune adaptation to the demand of the day : it is of the very essence of the Church (p. 213).

With all this, excepting perhaps one single phrase, the Latin Catholic cannot but most heartily agree; he rejoices to find how deeply, in fundamentals, East and West are at one. Then wherein lies the difference? May we suggest it, following M. Bulgakov's own symbolism and argument? As the source of the divine Wisdom is the Father, as its spirit and life is the Holy Ghost, as its expression is the Son, as divine Wisdom, in and from these, is identical with infallible Truth,

so the Church which, "in so far as it is grounded in God is divine Wisdom" (p. 201), must, with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, speak with no uncertain voice. She is the Body of Christ, as the Professor insists, and she speaks with His divine, infallible utterance: "He that heareth you heareth me." The Church of the Latin Rite is not, as he states at the beginning of his book, "an attempt to co-ordinate Christianity with life . . . on the basis of subjecting the world to a powerful organization" (p. 32); she is the solution of that question, the response to the need, of giving to "divine and created Wisdom" that infallible voice which is of its very essence. The "organization" of "Roman Catholicism" counts for little or nothing; it is a by-product and no more, akin to the life that is in her as the human frame is akin to the life in man. She is a living body, an organism not an organization; her voice is that of a living body, not that of some mechanical contrivance. Since that body of the Church is the body of divine Wisdom, so must its voice be the utterance of divine Wisdom, audible to man throughout the world and infallibly true. In saying this we do not differ from Professor Bulgakov; we accept his sublime description of the Church, we make use, so far as we may, of his own words. We only ask him to push his argument to its logical conclusion. The spiritual body, the infallible Head; the spiritual body in the world, with the Head no less infallible; this parallel seems to us the inevitable conclusion to all the Professor has beautifully said in his explanation and application, of God-manhood. If it were accepted, as his own words show, the rest would easily follow; witness his description of Our Lady's Conception. Can he accept it? His rejection of Soloviev's "'Romanizing' recognition of the primacy of the Pope" (p. 25) makes us fear; his defence of the Church as the very life and guide of our civilization fills us with hope.

✠ ALBAN GOODIER.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

## THE CASE OF DR. COULTON

[Various appreciations of Dr. Coulton's methods of controversy have appeared recently, among others one of some consequence in these pages. I must apologize therefore for any reiteration of subject or matter; but my excuse for this addition to the rest will be evident, I think, to anyone who may read what follows.]

**D**R. G. G. COULTON, the learned historian of St. John's College, Cambridge, has often engaged in controversy with Catholics, including myself.

His methods of controversy are of a kind which has a special interest for the time and place in which we live: for their strength and weakness both attach to a generation where nearly all receive a similar universal mechanical instruction, tested by the mechanical test of examinations and indirectly nourished by a popular Press covering the whole community. Under such conditions general views and judgments on character and motive in history and on large causes are neglected: misprints and slips of the pen, precise dates and spelling count more. As these enter mainly into Dr. Coulton's work his methods have immediate interest for us. Those methods deserve analysis not only for purposes of blame, but for comprehension of their character and of their excellencies as well as their defects.

Dr. Coulton's method or technique, may, I think, fairly be described as follows: the object of his attack being the Catholic Church, and its apologists—especially its popular apologists—the technique he has devised for that purpose comprises the following elements:

He covers, sometimes fully, always fairly thoroughly, the field over which he proposes to work: his especial field being of course historical, and concerning the period in which our civilization was, as a whole, Catholic—though this necessarily involves excursions into later periods. He specializes on what are called the Dark and Middle Ages: to give these terms precision, let us call the Dark and Middle Ages, without discussing the value of the adjectives, the ages from the decline of the old Pagan culture to the Renaissance and Reformation. He collects a vast number of facts upon this period, giving particular attention to such details as may illustrate evils and errors in Church government, in clerical morals, in histori-

cal ignorance and in doctrinal definition. He awaits statements on his period made by those whose sympathies are Catholic and whose statements may prove, in his judgment, vulnerable. On noting one of these, he selects a weapon from his considerable armoury and launches it against his opponent, particularly affecting opponents whom he believes to be imperfectly instructed. Having (as he also believes) disproved their statements, he has achieved his object. The total of what he has done in this fashion is lengthy and impressive. Let us begin by noting (as is at once more courteous and just) the excellencies he displays in his activities.

In the first place he is remarkably accurate. It is his pride to be so and he well deserves the highest praise for this quality, which, when one is concentrating upon particular points, is obviously of the highest value. I am, myself, the more inclined to admire this virtue as I am the most inaccurate of men, writing north for south, Henry for Richard, misreading my own very badly written notes, etc., to an unpardonable degree. Dr. Coulton's verbal accuracy has by now, I think, become, not only well known, but accepted as his chief quality. Whenever he cites a date that date can rarely be challenged; whenever he mentions a name that name is rightly spelt, and seeing the vast quantity of such references which proceed from his pen, the maintenance of so high a standard is not only exceptional, but, one may fairly say, unique. That, I say, is his first and outstanding quality in controversy. Unfortunately these very excellencies carry with them a serious weakness. He relies on being infallibly accurate in citations and universally informed. This, of course, he is not. Errors which he has let pass in his edited "*Studies in Medieval History*" have been exposed at length,<sup>1</sup> others quite recently in the pages of *THE MONTH*, and Dr. Arendzen has also not long ago pointed out a bad blunder of his in *The Daily Telegraph*; and these are but the latest examples. When he is thus publicly corrected, his reputation suffers more than would that of a man less dependent on verbal exactitude and a presumption of exhaustive research.

Another good quality with which he must be credited is the minute analysis of his opponent's terms. Thus, if he notes in some statement he proposes to upset, the word "*the*," he will contrast it with the word "*a*"; if he notices the word

<sup>1</sup> See Father Thurston's "Some Inexactitudes of Mr. G. G. Coulton." London: Sheed & Ward.

"first," he will be at pains to discover whether the matter has been put in the right order. If he notices the word "principal" or "main," he will be at pains to present a proof that other elements which enter the controversy may have greater weight.

For instance, were a man to write "the main decision governing this case is that of the Council of so-and-so which first gave such-and-such a definition," he will insist that it is but one of many decisions, that others previous to it may, however remotely, be connected with it and that some of these also had their importance.

Yet another quality distinguishes his work : lucidity. He does not burden it with complication. He states what he has to state in such a fashion that only rarely can he be accused of ambiguity. He is tenacious, his verbal memory is of the first order, and whatever method he chooses for arranging his material (which I take to be a kind of elaborate cross-indexing) it is a method which puts that material fully at his disposal with any part of it available at any moment.

Add to these various qualities a conspicuous sincerity. It may be objected that Dr. Coulton, having a single aim and being enthusiastic in its pursuit, cannot but be sincere. All enthusiasts are sincere, it is their prime moral quality, and even if he be criticized for lack of sincerity in the presentation of his arguments one can never dispute his motive. The Catholic Church is, in his eyes, an evil thing whose defenders have falsified history both consciously and unconsciously, and a thing which, being evil, must be attacked with every weapon at the attacker's disposal.

Having said so much on his merits and on what gives strength to his efforts, one must also catalogue his defects. Among them I do not include his extreme violence, his threats of libel action, repeated private letters (registered) to opponents, abuse and ridicule of them, etc., for these are only personal and do not affect his history ; I deal here only with his defects as an historian.

In the first place, as might be expected of such a man, he lacks proportion. If a whole stream of tradition supported by a parallel stream of documentary evidence makes for a certain conclusion, he will think it sufficient to bring out one isolated exception. This lack of proportion is notoriously the almost necessary weakness of the enthusiast. One could hardly be an enthusiast and at the same time keep measure.

From this lack of proportion there follows a necessary lack of historic sense and a complete failure to understand what is meant by a general statement.

Further, an enthusiast naturally tends to make one simple cause explain nearly all the phenomena with which he deals. Thus the sort of man called in a barbarous jargon "Anti-Semite" traces every misfortune, political and social, to the maleficent action of the Jews. The furious patriot sees a lurking antagonism to his nation in almost every foreign action or speech that is not openly and exaggeratedly favourable to his own people. So Dr. Coulton will always see cunning or even falsehood at the worst, ignorance at the best, in pretty well anything proceeding from a Catholic source. For him the general prospect of European history simplifies itself into a struggle between reason coupled with virtue on the one side (the Anti-Catholic) and unreason, subtle intrigue, ingenious fallacy in argument, and downright falsehood upon the other. A fact indisputable and telling wholly for the Catholic side he will—very wisely from his point of view—leave unchallenged, but any proposition of that sort open to dispute, he is convinced was put forward through an admixture of malice and ignorance.

Such defects destroy historical judgment in any man. They make it certain that one suffering from them will not see things as a whole nor understand the larger lines of human action.

But there are more particular defects than these in Dr. Coulton's methods of controversy. Learned as he is, he is so prepared to support anything Anti-Catholic that he will swallow whole the most doubtful statements. He is to be blamed also for refusing to admit error when he has been proved wrong. That is human but it is none the less blameworthy in one who professes to give a true historical picture.

He handicaps himself by permitting himself another defect to which men of academic position are sorely tempted, he cannot get it out of his mind that his antagonist is an inferior. He cannot believe that a man of average education and instruction is worthy to debate *anything* with a specialist. That weakness again is most easy to understand, it is common in all those who have to teach things of which they have great knowledge to young men who have had hitherto little or no familiarity with those things; but it leads him into very false positions when he is discussing some historical matter with anyone who is his equal in general instruction. From this



defect proceeds what we often find in such men, an appeal not to reason but to what may be called secondary authority, "All scholars worthy of the name are agreed" on this or that, "No modern scholar will deny" this or that; such are the constant refrains, neglecting the truth that arguments opposed to the fashionable view of the moment should be always examined on their merits, because they often convince posterity. It is not so long ago that "every economist," in England at least, was a Free Trader and "every biologist" a Darwinian.

Again, Dr. Coulton does not sufficiently understand his subject-matter. His subject-matter, that with which he is dealing, that which he makes it his business to attack, is the Catholic Church. It should be his business to know what the Catholic Church is; yet he will propose to argue against the doctrine of Papal Infallibility on the basis that many within the Church had doubted that Infallibility before it was defined, not appreciating that the Catholic position depends upon the acceptance of a defined truth. Or he will give a completely wrong interpretation of so simple a matter as the satisfaction of justice and confuse it with gloating over the sufferings of the condemned. He fails to distinguish between authoritative Canonical decisions and un-Canonical, irregular, decisions—and so forth. Into these errors he falls innocently: a thing morally to his advantage but detrimental to his intellectual reputation.

But I am afraid Dr. Coulton's chief defect is the invincible vice of advocacy, or rather of confusing advocacy with judicial conclusion. This is, I think, the main quarrel which all those who read him must have with his methods and his insufficient and often clearly erroneous conclusions.

This is a very important point and runs through many another modern piece of work, so we must be clear upon the principles involved. There is nothing shameful or absurd about advocacy—so long as it is open advocacy. Advocacy is the life and motive of a great profession, and is inseparable from much the most of human intellectual activity; what is more, hardly any man who feels strongly can quite avoid it, even when he is doing his utmost to be impartial. But the vice of advocacy in *history* is fatal. In advocacy we emphasize all that is to be said on our side. We minimize or omit all that is to be said on the other, "I do not see," says the advocate, "why I should provide my opponent with such-and-such a point in his favour. It is for him to discover it."



True, but then the advocacy must be admitted and must presuppose (as we do in our Courts of Law) similar advocacy for the opposing cause.

A lawyer does his utmost to establish a particular date for the birth of his client. He calls witnesses to establish that date. He is well aware that there is evidence in favour of a date five years earlier than that which is vital to his cause. He does not call that evidence, he leaves it unmentioned, and he certainly would not be doing his duty by his client if he were to insist upon it; but if the judge were to leave the alternative date unmentioned he would be inexcusable.

Now, an historian is essentially a judge. He is there not to argue to a brief, but to find out the truth. That is what Dr. Coulton can never understand. However convinced a man may be of an historical statement, it is his business, if he pretend to be an historian, to mention within the limits of the space at his disposal all there is to be said against that statement and to explain it away if he can, not to omit it.

On account of this vice of advocacy his critics are faced with a recurrent dilemma. Either Dr. Coulton is unaware of some major point on the opposing side, or, though well aware of it, he leaves his readers ignorant of it.

Such is the general conclusion we come to on Dr. Coulton's contributions to recent historical controversy. To give this judgment substance, let us proceed to particular examples. I propose in what follows to cite him in connexion with one leading example of recent controversy on his part, a controversy on the Church's attitude towards marriage. In this examination I shall include other examples from the past which support the conclusions arrived at. It is the most recent of his activities and one in which I myself have been engaged with him.

I think it will be admitted when I have surveyed the whole of this recent attack of his upon Catholic doctrine and practice, that my criticism of his method is amply substantiated.

H. BELLOC.

*(To be concluded.)*

## THE SERVANT PROBLEM

### A GROWING SOCIAL EVIL

ONE of the most reassuring things about our otherwise rather disturbing world is the domestic chaos that has ensued upon the so-called emancipation of Woman. If the exodus of Woman from the home into offices, shops and factories, had made no difference to the comfort and happiness and security of life, then indeed might we have despaired of the sanity of the human race. If husbands had not noticed any lessening of domestic bliss when their wives returned hot and tired (or cold and tired) from an office five minutes after they had themselves returned equally hot (or cold) and tired from theirs, then indeed might we have sung dirges for the passing of Woman's influence in the world. If parents had not missed their daughters' friendly help about the house—(a help which a couple of generations ago was given as a matter of course and usually quite cheerfully)—missed it so much that often they found themselves driven to give up the family home and move into some small house or flat, then indeed might we have heaved a great stone over the grave Woman had dug for herself and carved upon it an anguished epitaph.

But we need not thus despair or sing dirges or write epitaphs. A moment's reflection is enough to convince us of the difference to the comfort, security and happiness of husbands, parents, children—to *families*, brought about by Woman's desertion of her post. For it is a desertion, albeit often enforced by economic necessity. (Not every working-after-marriage wife *wants* to be such; not even every daughter-in-an-office *wants* to be there.) To say that "Woman's place is the Home," sounds horribly sententious to modern ears but it is devastatingly true. One proof of its truth is contained in what is known as the "Servant Problem."

Of course, there has always been a "Servant Problem"; one has only to read the literature of any age to discover this. No less a person than St. Paul is concerned with it in his epistle to Philemon about a certain Onesimus, and the subject crops up again and again until we come to the "Marchioness" of Dickens's day. But always it is quite a

different kind of problem from that of our own time. *Then* it was the delinquencies of servants, *now* it is their disappearance; *then* it was their many shortcomings, *now* it is their not coming at all. In fact, the "Servant Problem" of to-day would be better stated as the "No Servant Problem." And this, of course, is a tremendous compliment to Woman. While she has been winning her way into men's jobs and doing them so well that her presence in office, shop and factory has become an accepted fact in business and professional life, men have entirely failed to get along without her in the home. And I repeat this is a compliment, and it is one she well deserves.

For hundreds of years Woman has gone on at her job of home-making, and nobody much noticed her. For hundreds of years she has achieved miracles of domestic efficiency and economy, and has been unvaryingly taken for granted. Now she has stopped, or anyway large numbers of her have stopped, and the whole machinery of civilization has been put out of gear. No longer are the stately homes of England to be found in their abundance all over the country-side; no longer do families go on living century after century in the same house served by succeeding generations of loyal and willing servants. Perhaps no one cause has contributed more to the closing down of country houses and the selling of large and small estates than the impossibility of obtaining an adequate staff. Property owners, already harassed financially, feel the perpetual struggle to keep the place going to be simply not worth while if so much time is to be spent trying to find servants who will be willing to come and work for them. Mistresses in the larger type of country-house have to resort to all manner of expedients to ensure that when they have a dinner-party or a week-end house-party there will be a sufficient number of servants to wait on their guests. Still more difficult is the position of the smaller house-owner who requires only two or three maids. Often it is quite impossible to get any at all if the house is some distance from the nearest cinema and dance-hall; or else only foreign girls will come who have to be taught the first elements of their job, and then leave without notice. It is not surprising in such circumstances that houses are put on the market, and the exasperated and wearied owners go into service-flats or residential hotels.

Nor is this the only direction that Woman's emancipation from domestic ties has taken. With the generations growing up it is becoming axiomatic that even marriage is not to mean

the end of their freedom from such ties. It may be that quite as many childless marriages are due to the fear of being tied down to the house to look after the baby, as to inadequate housing, or shortage of money. A young couple with one precarious maid is not going to risk her "walking out on them" when she learns that a new arrival is expected. Parents with two children dread to upset a temporarily smoothly-running domestic machine by introducing a third, and so on. There is indeed almost no limit to the harm to society and the family that has been done and is being done by the "No Servant Problem," and Catholics would do well to examine their consciences very closely as to its causes, and to seek for some solution. For while it is a compliment to Woman that she is missed in the home, and while it is reassuring to find that even our so efficient mechanical civilization is thrown out of gear unless she takes her place there, yet Catholics should feel it to be a matter for regret and a subject for self-examination that she should ever have been tempted to leave it. Conditions of service—of both the wife's service of her husband and the servant's service of her mistress—must have fallen far below a Christian standard before the almost ineradicable feminine instinct to "home-make" was thus perverted.

In a preponderating non-Catholic community like ours, it might be argued that the blame for all this cannot lie at the door of the few and scattered Catholics, and certainly cannot be remedied by them, but a most disconcerting (as it is a most uncomfortable) reflection is that very often Catholic employers are in this matter "worse than the unbeliever" (1 Tim. v, 8). And this seems to be true not only of the Catholic laity but even of some whose religious profession demands a most careful observance of the principles laid down in the Canon Law of the Church. Canon 1524 of the Code is an application, to the ecclesiastical state in particular, of the Catholic teaching regarding the right of the worker to a living wage and reasonable conditions of service, and deserves to be quoted in full :

All, and especially clerics, religious and administrators of ecclesiastical affairs ought, whilst employing labour, to assign to the workers a just and proper wage (*honestam et justam mercedem*) : see that they have suitable leisure for the service of God : on no account withdraw them from their home duties and the pursuit of thrift, nor bur-

den them with labour beyond their strength or unsuitable to their age and sex.

Could there be a more admirable summary of a Catholic employer's duties towards those who work for him? And could there be any more certain solution of the problem under discussion than the faithful observance of those duties by employers of domestic labour? In view of such clear teaching it seems almost unbelievable that a diocesan magazine of the standing of the *Westminster Cathedral Chronicle* should have grounds for printing the following rhetorical question—"Are convents and presbyteries always innocent of underpaying their employees?" Yet there the question stands, in the October issue, for all to see, and it would be interesting to know what answer it evokes in the minds of readers.

However, let it be said at once that, though one would like to be able to point to the conditions of service in presbyteries and convents as exemplifying the proper Catholic relations between employed and employers, there is much that can be pleaded in defence of those priests and religious who are sometimes accused of overworking and underpaying their staffs, that cannot be said in defence of the lay employer. The conditions of service in a presbytery may be bad, but so too often are the living conditions of the priest himself. In religious houses the religious themselves lead such laborious lives, working long hours for no wages, that they do not easily understand the natural and proper desire of those they employ for "time off," holidays, and a wage which will cover a reasonable expenditure on clothes and amusements. The injunction quoted in the above Canon that workers should have "suitable leisure for the service of God," must be interpreted to include something more than just time to hear Mass on Sunday: the service of God requires leisure in which to enjoy the many intellectual and material benefits which He has provided for us. Yet here again one who has made a voluntary sacrifice of these things on entering religion may tend to forget that the lay-worker has made no such sacrifice, and so should not be expected to practise the religious virtues of poverty and obedience as do those enjoying the privileges and graces of the religious state.

Accordingly, it may be said with a considerable degree of truth that if the conditions of service in religious houses do not always exemplify the ideal relations between employer

and employed, yet this may be rather from want of thought than from want of heart, and so may be the more readily remedied. But when we come to consider the question as it affects the lay-employer of domestic labour, it is not so easy to plead "want of thought." After all, masters and mistresses "out in the world" know the world and its ways. They know the conditions under which men and women have to live, and so they should much more easily be able to understand the point of view of the lay-worker. Needing themselves a certain amount of leisure and recreation, they should realize and provide for that need in those they employ. Appreciating the stimulus of new clothes themselves, they should not grudge a similar stimulus to their staff. Aware of the cost of food, fuel and other household necessities themselves, they should make sure that the wages paid to their gardeners and other men-servants are adequate to pay for all these things. Yet how frequently one hears people say that they would rather work anywhere than in a Catholic house. Of course, sometimes this has its natural and even edifying explanation, namely, that in a Catholic family there are usually more children and less money, and so conditions of service are inevitably harder. But this is not invariably the reason why Catholic and non-Catholic maids prefer the non-Catholic home, and although it is not always easy to get at exactly what their grievance or complaint against Catholic employers is, it usually is along the lines of resenting injustice and pettiness and want of consideration shown them by those who "ought to know better." Whereas in a non-Catholic house they would not perhaps expect any great degree of practical Christianity, in a Catholic one they *do*, and thus every falling-short of a standard which they feel (and rightly feel) is the normal Catholic standard, is a source of scandal and of *resentment* to them. Is there not something here which Catholics might do well to ponder?

I remember hearing once of a Catholic family, pillars of the local church, close and valued friends of the parish priest, who had girl after girl from the parish Girls' Guild with a view to training one for service in their own house, but always after a few weeks the girl left. They were good people and they were genuinely puzzled; so was the priest, but neither he nor they could get one of those girls to give the real reason for their dissatisfaction with what seemed an exceptionally comfortable and friendly job. Finally, they had

to get an Irish girl from outside the parish, but she too wanted to leave at the end of a month. Pressed to give her reason, she finally said it was the want of consideration shown in requiring her to stay up on Sunday nights, even after her evening out, simply to bring in refreshments at 10.30 to the customary bridge-party—a party which often included the parish priest. And it came out that that had been the trouble with all the others, because this seemingly small want of consideration had loomed gigantically in the eyes of the young Catholic girls, when they saw their own parish priest and respected members of the congregation parties to it. A small point? a silly grievance? Maybe, but it meant that all those Catholic girls found situations with non-Catholics or went into the local factory; most of them went into the factory because they found their religion was against them in domestic service, and that brings us to the other side of the picture.

If Catholic employers have got a bad name, so most definitely have Catholic servants. It is one of the most humiliating things to hear the way Catholic maids are spoken of by their employers and by their fellow non-Catholic servants. "Lazy," "dirty," "untruthful"—there is no end to the catalogue; and once again one wonders—"How far is it true and why should it be?" And it must be admitted that many of the charges have been proved true again and again. Take two glaring cases in my own experience. A girl who had recently become a Catholic went into service with non-Catholics who had a Catholic cook. This girl had been influenced to take the job because of the prospect of the companionship of another Catholic, but the woman proved the one blot in the household. A "strict" Catholic as regards Sunday Mass (at whatever inconvenience to anyone else) and the abstinence, she yet had a most dangerous tongue and a none-too-clean one; indeed she seemed to go out of her way to shock and disillusion the girl whom she should have guided and helped. In the other case, a Catholic girl in a Protestant household "got into trouble" and brought disgrace into the family which had shown her every kindness. Such stories make sad hearing, and it does not take long for a whole neighbourhood to get to know about this sort of scandal—a Catholic "going wrong" is always news—and the dignity of domestic service suffers another blow. Is it, then, to be wondered at if young women leaving home steer clear of what seems to them a despised and despicable calling?



Briefly, then, it would seem that the cure for the "Servant Problem" and for all the social and moral ills it brings in its train, is for individual mistresses and individual maids to remember that they have the honour of their calling and of their *Church* to uphold, and that through them a great "Back to the Home" movement can begin. The whole question of domestic service is much before the public mind at present, and surely it is time for us to remember that although considered "a sect," we are in fact the Church of God. Three hundred years of being penalized in public and private for our Faith, followed by another hundred being grateful for not being penalized, have produced such a weakling race of Catholics in this Island that it is not surprising that we hardly dare take the lead in anything. But here, surely, is a field where Catholics of high and low degree can co-operate to "show the world" what Catholicism in action really means in the life of a community. Let us despair if we must of influencing the politicians and business-men, but let us set about, at once and vigorously, influencing the people-who-really-matter, the home-makers and home-lovers of England, who will, please God, remain to rebuild among the ruins of our domestic civilization a new and happier one, founded on the glorious traditions of our Catholic past. In this sphere no one can accuse us of mixing religion with politics, and yet if we succeed in influencing the families of England we shall succeed in influencing the State, of which the family is the natural unit. If we come forward now with wise and practical proposals for a "Back to the Home" movement among our own womenfolk; if we see to it that the conditions of domestic service are made equitable and honourable in our own Catholic homes; if we ensure that our girls are trained in the domestic arts while still at school and taught to see the great superiority of a life of "service" in a home to a life spent in the mechanical routine of factory or office; if we form guilds and clubs throughout the country which will give to the girl in service the same amenities and social and cultural advantages as are provided for her sisters in other employments; then shall we begin to see what a power quite a small "sect" can wield if it be inspired with true Christian principles.

And, above all, let us look to it that the scandal of the deserted home be not laid at the door of any Catholic wife. Unless dire necessity compel her to continue in employment after marriage, no Catholic girl should attempt to combine

home and job. It spells almost inevitable disaster, and is alien to the whole idea of Christian marriage which was instituted by God, not merely for the personal benefit of the married pair but that souls might be born into the world on whom He might bestow the everlasting happiness of heaven. And if there are to be children there must be a home, and there can be no true home unless the wife and mother make it and watch over it, as Mary made and watched over her home at Nazareth.

S. A. BLISS.

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## *The Thornless Roses of Assisi*

**B**LOSSOMING fair in May,  
 Year after year they bloom—  
 Blazoning in their way  
 The Author of life and doom—  
 Telling the world of a wonder wrought by no earthly loom.

Thornless, though once the thorn  
 Ringed with its woven briar  
 Brows which bemocked had borne  
 The crown of the Passion dire,  
 Challenging frigid hearts upon earth with celestial fire.

Leaves that are green in Spring  
 Stain with a blush like blood—  
 As if their veins would bring  
 Their moisture to marvelhood—  
 Tracing the signs that the troubadour Friar drew from the Rood.

So does your hand appear,  
 Francis, in this our day!—  
 Beckoning men to hear  
 Your heartening roundelay—  
 A clarion-call to follow your steps on the King's High Way!

W. J. RANDALL.

## SALZBURG'S UNIVERSITY

THE current number of *The Tablet*<sup>1</sup> bears a striking tribute to the work a Catholic University might succeed in doing or might have done. It quotes from *La Revue Catholique des Idées et des Faits* the words of a "distinguished Catholic who recently escaped from Spain":

Had Catholic Spain [the writer argues] been provided with a Catholic University wielding a similar influence among the leading classes to that exercised in Belgium by the University of Louvain, I am convinced that even within the Republic an intelligent co-operation would sooner or later have been established between the Church and the *élite* of the political leaders. . . In the whole of Spain there was not a single chair of theology in any of the State Universities. The Catholics in Spain, in spite of, and mainly on account of, the Catholic monarchy, had not been able to create a single institution of free education recognized by the State with power to confer academic degrees equivalent to State degrees. The result was that there existed no Catholic intellectual *élite* and that revolutionary elements rose from the student population.

I am not concerned with the truth or inexactitude of this judgment, though it might serve as a reminder to such as imagine that the whole of Spanish higher education was in the negligent hands of the Church. I am more interested for the moment in the compliment it pays to Louvain (implicitly, also, we might add, to Milan, Nijmegen and Dublin, to the various "Instituts Catholiques" in France and—let this not be forgotten—to the several Catholic Universities in the United States) and to the great importance it attributes to the formation which such a University can provide. And it leads me to speak of another large group of Catholics, national or, if you prefer, linguistic, among whom the need of a similar institution is felt, as it was felt in Spain, and by whom or at least by a portion of whom efforts are being made to secure its realization.

Salzburg has these days its fair measure of publicity. Look

<sup>1</sup> October 16, 1937.

in the windows of the travel agencies. There is its name writ large sharing the honours with the Riviera and the Italian Lakes, with Paris and with what not. You are promised—here sunshine under cloudless skies—there a dappled heaven and deep water set amid wooded hills—elsewhere life and gaiety and romance. And for it all there is no doubt a basis though the romance may mean little more than gipsy orchestras and cosmopolitan hotels. Salzburg offers you music; and music is certainly there. For some years past the town has become a place of summer pilgrimage for music lovers and for others who think it fashionable to have listened to Mozart interpreted in his native city. The August *Festspiele* bring some of the world's most famous conductors and more than twenty thousand visitors to a town of the size of Oxford. The motives? artistic largely, mercenary in part. I say mercenary not in criticism but with regret. It is one of the minor tragedies of the Great War that the smaller nations have to keep hotel and house for the larger ones, and that necessity has forced a cultured folk like the Austrians to live by entertaining members of wealthier and not always as cultured countries. I am not sure that Maurice Barrès would have included the August Salzburg in his "lieux où souffle l'esprit." There is plenty *esprit*, in fact so much of it that one can almost picture liveried servants of the travel companies carefully fanning it with their bellows from behind the scenes. This is only to say that the atmosphere is cosmopolitan, that of a miniature Paris in a mountain setting, and at times a trifle—well, incongruous. The Austrian *Tracht* or local costume is most attractive when worn by those for whom it has a meaning and a history. Donned by the casual visitor it has the air of masquerade or fancy dress. The *Lederhosen* and the embroidered kirtle are indeed the product of Salzburg; but the voice is too often the voice of Michigan or Mayfair.

There is, however, another Salzburg which quickens into life when the last of the orchestral instruments has been packed and the *maestri* and their disciples have departed. What might be termed the season there is very brief. Like Debussy's "Cathédrale engloutie," this city of opera and Faust and Jedermann rises for a spell out of the waters of forgetfulness soon to sink back into the silent depths. Salzburg is itself once more, a town of no great proportions but in a position of considerable importance, both historical and

geographical. Built between two hills that guard the Salzach valley running up from the south to enter the broad Bavarian plain, it is a natural centre where south meets north. Indeed, the castle-fortress of the Prince Bishops which dominates it stands out like a sentinel to protect the treasures of culture and of faith which barbarians and princes and leaders from the north have often sought to pillage and destroy. It is no unfitting symbolism of the University of Salzburg which once was and which men are now seeking to revive, that it should stand almost on the frontier, as it were looking towards the north, where men, unaware of the true nature of Catholic faith and tradition, are endeavouring to supplant Christian ideals with a new national paganism of their own devising.

Situated as it was, it was obvious that the various streams of historical movement should flow by and round it. A Roman colony stood there, a part of Noricum; and with the colonizers came Christianity. Through this as through other valleys swept the barbarians destroying the colony and driving out the Faith. The original Celtic population is soon mingled with German elements (there are Celtic remains still preserved in the province of Salzburg) and the district is re-Christianized, this time from Bavaria in the north. Placed between Bavaria and Upper Austria and the Tyrol, it was to share in the historical experiences of all three and yet to retain its independence until the early nineteenth century under a Prince Bishop, who even to-day bears the title of Primate of Germany. The history of the city is largely the story of its bishops who constructed the fortress of Hohensalzburg and were able to withstand the strong attacks of the "reformers." And to three of them in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—to Wolf Dietrich, Paris Lodron and Marcus Sittacus—it owes its chief buildings and its cathedral which have given it a special character and made it, architecturally, almost an Italian city north of the Alps.

The same period saw the beginning of a University. Its birth year was 1623 and its first nurses Benedictine monks from Ottobeuern. Less than ten years later the Abbot of St. Gallen could be informed that everything was prosperous and that they had already distinguished professors from Italy, Belgium and Cologne. Salzburg was spared the ravages of the Thirty Years' War, so that the University could develop in reasonable quiet, and towards the close of the century it

could boast of greater numbers of students than any other German university except Leipzig and Vienna. The Italian influence was always marked. The claim is made that it was the first University to teach a modern foreign language and the language was not unnaturally Italian. Doctors like Antonio Pola and Stefanuzzi lectured and experimented in its medical schools, as several years before the architect Santino Solari had planned and built its great cathedral. Under the italianizing patronage of its Prince Bishops, the streams of northern and southern culture were united and the University might well boast of an intra-national character. But it was not destined to outlast the loss of independence of its province and bishops, and it ceased to function at the commencement of the last century. A theological faculty alone remained as a trickle from the former stream, a reminder of the past, one day to stir men to give it a new and wider channel and to increase its waters.

At the present moment really definite efforts are being made to institute anew the University of Salzburg and at the same time to give it a very special character. It is not a question of adding a fourth to the three existing institutions of Vienna, Innsbruck and Graz. The intention is to inaugurate a Catholic University somewhat on the lines of the "Università del Sacro Cuore" at Milan and of Louvain, and to add in time a number of features which these two do not possess. The plan is no new one; it has been under consideration for more than fifty years. The Salzburg *Universitätsverein* (a word that might be loosely translated "Friends of Salzburg University") was originally founded in 1884. The same tendencies which led, on the one hand, to the successful foundation of a Catholic University in Louvain and, on the other, to Newman's failure to realize something of the kind in Ireland, were clearly manifest in Austria-Hungary. Higher education was liberal and anti-religious. It was necessary to react, to seek a new and truer synthesis of faith and reason, of religion and knowledge. And this was difficult without some recognized centre of higher studies which should at once accept the principles of the Christian Faith and still permit free inquiry and discussion and further enjoy a good repute, both religious and scientific. Progress was slow in Austria. Schemes were outlined, criticized, rejected. But by 1901 the general plan was approved of by the whole hierarchy, and before the outbreak of the War, which was so

drastically to alter the position of Austria, a sum of five million Kronen had been collected with a yearly guarantee of 350,000 Kronen more, as a very necessary financial basis for the project. But, alas!—the War and the inflation which came in its wake have swept away like some great avalanche all that was gathered at such cost and sacrifice. As I have mentioned finance, I may as well make a remark upon the present situation. The financial difficulty will always loom large and at best allow only a very gradual development. The *Universitätsverein* is now gathering funds from two or three different sources. The first is the "University Sunday" which has been introduced throughout the entire country on the Italian model. Except for one diocese, this is the Fourth in Lent, Laetare Sunday. Special sermons are preached and a collection made, which, it is hoped, will eventually reach 100,000 schillings (a moderate sum enough for such an undertaking, equalling about £4,000). This year it totalled over 60,000 schillings, an increase on previous years, but still far short of the desired amount. The *Universitätsverein* manages to gather from its members through small subscriptions a supplementary sum of 30,000 schillings. This year has seen a certain advance, not merely in the matter of private donations but also in the fact that five of the nine provincial administrations—Lower and Upper Austria, Salzburg, Styria and Vienna—have agreed to establish each a chair in some special subject; that of Lower Austria is to form the nucleus of a Dollfuss Institute for Agricultural Research. The remaining four administrations will surely soon be shamed into making a similar offer. I hope I am not revealing a secret (it is really the kind of secret that is meant to be handed on) when I say that it is hoped to interest Catholics in other countries in this new and, for German-speaking Catholics, vital project with the suggestion that they might endow wholly or at least in part a chair in the language and literature of their own land. Should this be realizable in England, it is their intention to found a Saint Thomas More Professorship in English, which, weightier considerations quite apart, would have the devotional fitness of linking together two recently-canonized Saints, our own great Chancellor Martyr and St. Albert the Great, the patron under the Holy Trinity, of the University-to-be. I have no commission to speak on such topics but it is more than likely that a visit will soon be paid to London on behalf of the Commission for the Estab-



lishment of the University by its chairman, the distinguished scholar and Viennese professor, Dr. Wilhelm Schmidt.

But financial questions have not been the only concern of the *Verein*. For the past seven summers *Hochschulwochen* have been held for three weeks in August, that is, during the time when Salzburg dons its international mantle and celebrities are said to jostle one another in the narrow streets of the old town. Ten days' experience of the most recent of these Summer Schools allowed me few glimpses of such great ones, though I did detect a well-known conductor hurrying in a non-Wagnerian *tempo* across the quadrangle of the old University buildings. Possibly the weather was to blame. The Salzburg *Schnürlregen* is proverbial. I am afraid, indeed, that if continued good weather is a *sine qua non* for a Catholic University, then Salzburg is not the place for it. The celebrities were doubtless huddled together in hotel lounges or, disguised in long raincoats and sheltering under vast umbrellas, were not to be distinguished from ordinary mortals. Since their inception these Schools have enjoyed a constantly increasing attendance. And this year, in spite of the fact that it was practically impossible for Germans to attend it from the Reich, the total reached nearly eight hundred. With the desire of avoiding details which here would be out of place, I would just state that three main subjects or sets of problems were selected to form three distinct courses, while a general series of lectures on the Catholic Ideal of Education was thrown open to all the students. Each course comprised two or three series of conferences, fifteen in all, five, that is, each week; there was an afternoon Repetitorium or Seminar on the Roman or German model; and in the early evening supplementary lectures were given of a more comprehensive nature. The three subjects chosen for 1937 were very actual: the first was the study of the relations of Theology and Reason, and of Theology and the Philosophy of Religion; the second centred around the true notion and ideal of Christian formation and education; while the third, under the title of Religion and Medicine, treated very frankly and fully of the many problems of pastoral theology and medical ethics. The lecturers were partly clerical and partly lay; and I fancy that the laymen predominated. On the second Sunday of the School an academic *Festakt* or Celebration was staged in the large "Aula Academica" and attended by the Prince Bishop of Salzburg, the Bishop of Linz, the Governors

of Salzburg and Upper Austria and various civil and military officials. Even here the musical note was not absent. To mingle grave with gay, to let the lighter Muses join hands with their graver sisters, the Strasbourg Cathedral Choir, in Salzburg for the festival, and an opera singer, were conveniently borrowed. And one last detail. Consistent with the idea that the University in formation is to have something of an internal or College character, the great majority of those attending were lodged in the Priesterseminar, the Benedictine Abbey, or in the houses of various Congregations: many took their meals in common and some (though this is not meant as a *decrecendo*) attended the special School Mass and the evening Compline at the Abbey church.

So far I have been descriptive. For what remains I should like to outline briefly the general function which the University is designed to fulfil. In one sense this is already clear. It is to provide a centre where scholarship and belief will go hand in hand, and in which the different departments of knowledge will retain their freedom of method and research and yet all be viewed as facets of the one truth, be all taken up into a vast synthesis of truth which is to culminate in the knowledge of the Supreme Truth, God. Would it not be enough, it might be asked, to reform the existing State Universities, particularly as the new Austrian State has been organized on Catholic lines? No, would be the reply. For these institutions have been created on "liberal" principles. The State can doubtless see to it that their influence is not prejudicial to the Christian Faith and life; more it can scarcely achieve. It is true that theology is taught in them; but it is a subject among many other subjects and has little influence outside its own faculty. It is a long time since the State Universities even in officially Catholic countries have been the focus of Catholic thought and spirit. An institute for higher education may contain a Faculty of Catholic Theology without being in any serious sense a Catholic University. There is need of a new atmosphere. We are reminded of the ideal of Cardinal Newman in which the claims of science were to be harmonized with the demands of revealed truth, and where every branch of knowledge would enjoy full freedom in its own domain, but might not interfere with the liberty of other branches. The results of specialist inquiry must be incorporated in a richer and more organic knowledge which would impart a full philosophy of life and include among its

objects the universe, man and God. But there is a further reason why the existing type of University is not acceptable. Dr. Schmidt, in a speech at the *Festakt* of 1934, as in other speeches and articles, insists, as Newman did before him, upon the difference between Learning and Education, between technical or vocational training and real mental growth. The modern University concerns itself, he would argue and with some justification, almost exclusively with the former, is little interested in the mental development, and not at all in the moral formation of the students who attend its courses. He pays the English system (which on closer scrutiny proves to be that of Oxford and Cambridge) possibly too great a compliment in assuming that this does supply what is lacking on the Continent and does further the mental and moral advancement of its undergraduates. In any case, those responsible for Salzburg intend to adapt to their own purposes some of the points of the College system, to introduce a measure of internal collegiate life with a modicum of discipline, and at the same time to give all its students throughout their first year of study that general background of Catholic thought which is indispensable if a University is to be Catholic in anything but name.

Into the various plans elaborated for the development of the projected University there is no need here to enter. They have the full endorsement of the Austrian hierarchy and of the Federal as well as the Salzburg provincial Governments. And they have been approved, substantially at least, in Rome. The buildings of the old University, at present occupied in part by two ordinary schools, are to be evacuated as they are required and handed back. The present intention is to add as soon as possible to the existing theological nucleus a Faculty of Arts or, as it is called on the Continent, Philosophy, comprising eventually eight groups of subjects, each with its professors and assistants and its Seminar and research libraries. The range of suggested (I should say planned) subjects is very wide and includes Anthropology, Biology and the Social and Economic Sciences. The two last named are meant to be the nucleus of two future Faculties of Science and Economics and Law. But these are details of small interest for the general reader. What is more to the point is the general character which this institution is to have. This is, as we have said, Catholic. That is sufficiently clear. But it is also to be German, naturally not in the narrower sense with

an inquisitorial examination into the blood corpuscles of those who attend it. No—German in the wider meaning of that word, making its appeal to all Catholics of German speech, and endeavouring in the tradition of the city which enshrines it to bring together elements from south and north, to fuse *Romanitas* and *Deutschtum* in one healthy and organic whole. That this to-day is a difficult undertaking needs little stress; and a word will be added later concerning that. But this insistence upon the German character of the University would involve no exclusiveness; in fact, the existence of a miniature *Cité Universitaire* would be a vision not out of harmony with the dreams of its promoters.

Much is said and written to-day in Austria on the question of the *Sendung* or special mission of its people. And it needs no great stretch of the historical imagination to understand that they have had two or three such purposes in the past. A relatively small company of Germans, separated from the rest of their own folk, they formed the centre of resistance to the Turk; they were the political instrument of the Counter-Reformation and the political reason why much of Hungary and Bohemia was retained or regained for the Church; and they were the chief centre round which gathered that assembly of peoples which had the name of Austria-Hungary. It is still the fashion to talk of self-determination and to be glad that out of the ruins of that Empire new and freer countries have arisen. And there is something, possibly a great deal, which justifies that belief. But the many Danube problems, political and economic, together with the propaganda and pressure of two of the greater Powers, may well make us realize that the Dual Monarchy, for all its faults of administration and coercion, fulfilled a function which to-day is frankly in abeyance and maybe one day will cause us to erase the word rebirth and write disintegration in its place. But now many of them are conscious that they have a further mission, which finds its expression in the new form of State which has been inaugurated and also in this new University. And that mission is the preservation of all that is wholesome in the German Catholic tradition at a time when in the larger Reich those two notions of Catholic and German are deliberately separated and set in opposition. To proclaim themselves both Catholic and German when elsewhere a Catholic is pilloried as a second class citizen and a German held to be false to national ideals if he be true to his Catholic allegiance—

this is the *Sendung* they now feel themselves to have and to which they would not willingly prove unresponsive.

One last word. What chances are there of practical success? The difficulties are great in all conscience and to face them realism is required as well as vision. To say nothing of the financial aspect, some of these are internal. There is in Innsbruck a theological Faculty with a well-merited international reputation. There are serious grounds for maintaining that it would be inadvisable as well as impractical to develop a rival Faculty at Salzburg. And then at the present moment Nazi-ism makes a strong appeal to the Austrian University youth. The argument that this must be counteracted at once might be turned against you with the suggestion that your attempt to counteract it would prove a failure. Still graver difficulties are external and are bound up with the peculiar position of the Austrian State. There are few prophets rash enough to foretell what will be the constitution of Central Europe in ten or twenty years. Should Austrian independence be lost (and this will depend on forces external to herself which she could not resist), were the *Anschluss* with Germany realized, the position of a Catholic University would be, to say the very least, extremely doubtful. I do not mention these obvious points to discourage or to depress, but rather in admiration of those who, realizing them to the full, are still persevering with their attempt to found the "Universitas Catholica Germanica," the "Alma Mater Salisburgensis," and with the desire to awake in English Catholic minds a sympathy and a desire to help. And, after all, the casual spectator must have thought St. George's chances inferior to the dragon's. And had there been Hebrew bookmakers on a certain battle-field, as there are at Epsom, they would surely have given long odds on Goliath.

JOHN MURRAY.

## MASTERS AND MEN

"I 'M having no more complaints about mistakes in customers' orders, Jones, or of people being kept waiting to be served. I can't always be watching things here, with five branches to look after and all the buying to do, so if you can't manage this shop properly I shall have to get somebody else who can!"

Having delivered this ultimatum, old John Mayne, proprietor of Mayne's Grocery Stores, the biggest business of its kind in Uxwater, stood glaring at his head shop-manager, with the cold grey eyes before whose glance every member of his staff quailed.

"I've been with you thirty-five years now, boy and man, Mr. Mayne," faltered Jones, a worried little man, fifty years of age, but looking older.

"What has that got to do with it?" thundered Mayne. "You've had your wages every week, haven't you? I owe you nothing, and if you can't do your work any longer, just say so and we shall soon fill your place."

"Doesn't long service count for anything then, sir?" said Jones quietly, flushing with annoyance that his employer should speak like that to him before his assistants.

"No!" shouted Mayne angrily, "and don't come that gag over me or your service will jolly soon come to a quick finish. I pay heavily for the poor rotten service I get from you lazy devils, and if I didn't watch you all like a cat after mice I should soon be ruined—ah—ah!"

Emitting a gurgling noise Mayne stopped with his mouth open, pawed the air for a moment, and then slumped heavily on a sack of potatoes by the counter, rolling from it on to the floor. With consternation on their faces his men rushed to his side and raised him in their arms. There he hung helpless and speechless, only his eyes, still glaring at poor Jones, showing that he lived. Carefully they carried him upstairs and put him to bed under his wife's directions.

His doctor was soon on the scene, but after the examination he merely shrugged his shoulders. "He has had a stroke, Mrs. Mayne," he reported. "I warned him months ago what would be the consequences if he didn't ease off work, but you

know him as well as I do and can imagine the scorn with which he received the suggestion."

"Is he going to die, doctor?" she asked.

"Not necessarily," he replied. "With care and good nursing he may get much better, may recover his speech, anyhow; but I doubt if he will ever be able to conduct his business again. It is better that you should know the truth now, so that you can arrange accordingly."

No sooner had the doctor left than Nellie, the only child of the Maynes, a charming brunette of twenty-three, came flying upstairs. She was her father's cashier and chief clerk, and had been out on an errand when he was taken ill. Her mother's news filled her with consternation. "How ever are we going to manage?" she cried. "You know, mother, that father has always kept the reins so firmly in his hands that nobody else has ever had the chance to learn how to run our business. I know a little about the buying end, but how can a girl of my age keep six shops going?"

"Surely the managers can carry on until father is well enough to give instructions again," said Mrs. Mayne.

"The poor beggars have been so ground down and harried that they daren't call their souls their own, mother," said Nellie. "They have lost any initiative they may ever have had and their hearts are not in the business. How can they bear us any good will? I expect they are all delighted, on the quiet, that father is helpless and cannot bully them for some time at least."

"Nellie! how can you speak in that fashion about your poor father?" exclaimed Mrs. Mayne.

"You know very well it is perfectly true, mother," was her reply. "If you doubt me, just come down to the office for a few days and see for yourself how things are."

"No, dear, I couldn't possibly do that. I must look after the invalid."

"Then I'll have to manage by myself as well as I can until he is better. I think I'll ask Ernest to come round after he finishes at the office to-night and give me a little advice and help."

"Do you mean Ernest Wilde?" cried Mrs. Mayne. "Your father will be furious if you let that young man into his office to poke around. You know he took his audit away from Ernest's firm of accountants because he thought them too



interfering. Whatever will he say when he hears that you have allowed Ernest to meddle with his business?"

"He can't say anything at present, anyhow," replied Nellie, "and Ernest is going to be my husband some day, so he may as well know about the business now as later on. I know nobody else I would care to ask for help, and help I must have." With that she flounced out, leaving her mother speechless, waving impotent hands as she returned to her patient's bedside.

In answer to Nellie's telephone message, Ernest Wilde, a young accountant of twenty-six, came round to the office after his evening meal, and Nellie and he discussed the position at length. He looked through the books, and asked many questions about the firm's commitments. Eventually he agreed to come in each evening for the time being, to help Nellie to run the business.

Before a fortnight had passed, however, Nellie saw that that would not suffice. Her father was no better, and the shop-managers were getting out of hand. The iron rule of Mayne, his frequent unheralded inspections and checks of stocks, were things of the past, and, faced with nothing more to be dreaded than an inexperienced girl, they began to take liberties. They eased off working, became unpunctual, and their turnover fell steadily. Every time they came into the office they grumbled. If it wasn't about their wages or their staffs, it would be about the slackness of the warehouse people in getting out supplies to the branches. The warehousemen retorted that the buying was now so badly done that the delays were not their fault, and so from morning till night there was nothing but squabbling and irritation in the place. The whole staff was on edge; the customers very quickly noticed the difference in the service and, while some contented themselves by grumbling, others quietly transferred their custom to other shops.

Matters came to a head one evening when Ernest on his arrival found Nellie with her head on her desk and bathed in tears. When he had comforted her in the age-long way all lovers know, Nellie outlined the situation to him and then continued, "I think you will have to take a chance on it, Ernest, and come in full time. My nerves are all on edge with this constant bickering; and I shall be having a breakdown next."

"I should love to take the responsibility off your shoulders,

dear," replied Ernest in soothing tones, "but you know it is a serious step and one not to be lightly taken. Suppose I gave up my present job, started in on this business, and in a month's time your father recovered sufficiently to run things from his bedroom—his first action would be to sack me, and then I should join the other million and a half unemployed."

"The doctor says there is little possibility of that, Ernest. Anyhow, the situation is getting desperate. The business will soon go to rack and ruin as things are, and I should explain to father in any case how you had come in and saved the situation."

"If I managed to do so, sweetheart," broke in Ernest. "Then you must remember that I know practically nothing about this type of business——."

"Your auditing has given you a wide general business experience," interrupted Nellie, "and you would soon learn ours. I shall be handy all the day to advise you about the buying, and the staff can do the selling right enough if they have somebody able to keep them up to their work and to settle complaints and grievances. It takes a strong man to do that, and it's just your job, my dear."

"It's very nice of you to say so, Nellie," replied Ernest with a smile. "I suppose you will consent to pay me my present salary if I decide to come, and will give me a free hand to run the business in my own way?"

"Name your own figure, my dearest. I agree to anything so long as you promise to take this load of worry off my shoulders."

"Thank you, Nellie dear, but I shall not take advantage of your extremity. Don't forget I shall certainly have to justify all I do to your father later on, and I don't think he loves me very much as it is!"

Under the circumstances Ernest's firm agreed to release him on a week's notice, expiring on the following Saturday at noon, so he summoned the managers of the six shops to a meeting at headquarters after their places of business closed that night. In the meantime he went carefully into all the figures of takings for each shop during the previous year, and had them all tabulated for reference on the table before him. They met in the office quite informally, Nellie being the only woman present. After pipes and cigarettes were all going comfortably, Ernest addressed the meeting.

"Friends," he began, "as you are all aware Mr. Mayne is

so seriously ill that it will be some considerable time at least before he is able to carry on this fine business he has built up. Mrs. Mayne and her daughter are naturally anxious that it should not suffer during his indisposition, and they have kindly asked me to take over control for the present. Now some of you may think you could manage this job better than I, an outsider, can. Possibly one of you could, but the fact remains that they want me to do it, and the first thing I want to know is this, are you men prepared to work loyally along with me with this end in view? I don't want to do any 'bossing.' I'd much rather we all worked together in a spirit of co-operation."

"Hear! hear!" muttered one young manager called Bell. "We've 'ad enough of t'other."

"Then may I take it for granted that you all agree to do your best for the firm?"

Mr. Jones cleared his throat. "Mr. Wilde," he commenced, "it isn't easy for any of us to speak out in the presence of the boss's daughter—not that we have one word to say against her. She has been one of the best to us, and has been up against it with her father as much as any of us. But we have never had a fair deal here and that's why we are discontented. We have been ground down to a bare existence wage, and not a word of complaint has been permitted. 'You have your own remedy, if dissatisfied—the door,' was always his reply. You can't expect loyal service these days, Mr. Wilde, from men who are discontented and unhappy, so if you want it, you must do something to remove our grievances."

"Thank you, Mr. Jones," said Wilde. "I am glad you have spoken out, because with all due respect to Mr. Mayne, I do not approve of his methods—and I think Miss Mayne agrees with me?"

Nellie smiled and nodded her assent.

"I have been thinking matters over off and on all the time I have been working here, and I may say I am a great believer in co-operation in industry. I realize, however, that that can only be obtained whole-heartedly by a system of profit-sharing, to give the necessary incentive to the individual employee which will encourage him to do his best. I have not worked out all the details yet, but what I propose is this. I shall estimate the turnover each shop requires to make it a paying proposition. And here I must remind you all that wages can only be paid out of profits. No business can be carried on indefinitely at a loss. Now I have before

me the figures of all six shops. The turnover during the last few weeks has fallen considerably in every case, in some more than in others, but I don't want to mention names. Each of you knows what his figure has dropped to—and why!" he added meaningly.

"What incentive have we had to work when all the profit went to Mr. Mayne and he screwed our wages down to the lowest possible figure?" cried Mr. Jones.

"Quite so, Mr. Jones," replied Ernest, "you have put your finger on the sore spot, and it is just that I want to discuss with you. When I have fixed the basic turnover at which each shop covers expenses, including wages, I shall work out a percentage to be paid on any turnover in excess of that figure which the manager can obtain by harder work and better service to his customers. This bonus will not be hoarded up for a year, but will be paid to each manager monthly, on the first Saturday night of the following month. I have not yet decided the figure, but it will certainly be one pound per cent and possibly two."

A round of applause interrupted the speaker, and Bell evidently voiced the opinion of the others when he cried out: "Hey, boss, but you 'ave given us somethink to work for now!"

The men were all smiles when after some further discussion the meeting broke up. After they had gone Ernest felt rewarded for sacrificing his job as he turned and saw Nellie's happy face.

The new scheme worked like a charm. As Ernest went round the shops he found the staff filled with a new spirit of service. There was also rivalry amongst the managers as to who should earn the biggest bonus. Week by week the turnover crept up. When the Christmas season came round the figures simply rocketed, and Ernest was kept busy buying and hurrying deliveries.

On the first Saturday night of the New Year, Bell came in first. Ernest had worked out his figures, and one by one he counted into the young man's hand ten one pound notes on account of wages and bonus. Bell stared at the money and tears sprang to his eyes: to him it represented wealth. "Say, boss," he said hoarsely, "are you sure you can spare all this?"

Ernest patted him kindly on the shoulder. "Sure, laddie, and I only wish it were more. Never forget that while you are making this bonus for yourself you are also making a bit

of profit for Mayne's, and we are only too pleased to spare you your share. Go to it, old chap, and may you do still better during this coming year."

The scheme had been in operation six months before Mayne recovered sufficiently to make himself understood by speech. At last the day came when he demanded to know who was carrying on the business. Mrs. Mayne hastily summoned Nellie and left them together. But his daughter had altered considerably from the scared girl whom he had bullied for so long. The daily companionship of her lover, and the happy atmosphere of the shops, not to mention their success, had made her old dread of her father melt away and disappear. She told him calmly what steps she had taken and who was now manager. He glared at her for a little, then with a groan ordered her to bring up a trading account. When it arrived he bade her read out the expenses items in detail. Most of them he heard in silence, but when she mentioned "Staff bonuses," he gave an inarticulate cry and demanded, "What are they?"

Nellie briefly explained the bonus scheme, whereupon Mayne's face flushed and he made an attempt to raise himself. He fell back helpless, however, and only his wildly flashing eyes could give any indication of the impotent rage which thrilled him.

"Now it's no use getting vexed, father," continued Nellie, calmly. "You can do nothing about it as you are at present, and if you could only see what a difference it has made to the quality of service we now get from the men, you would be wishing you had started it years ago. I haven't yet told you how our turnover has gone up as a result of the bonus payments, and as a matter of fact, the profit for the last six months is up considerably compared with the previous six months—when you were in charge!"

In answer to his questions she gave him all the details, and after a long period of consideration, during which he lay with closed eyes and knitted brows, he looked up and bade Nellie bring Ernest up to see him. In spite of the success of his scheme, it was with an accelerating heart that Ernest entered the bedroom and faced the grim old man lying there, although Nellie had returned with him to be in support.

Mayne could only mumble slowly, with frequent halts for rest, but this was the gist of what he said.

"You have kept my business alive during my illness, for

which I am obliged, although I have no doubt you have paid yourself well for your trouble."

Nellie broke in to deny this indignantly, but was told to be quiet and not interrupt, when she saw how difficult it was for him to speak.

"You have upset all my business methods," the old man went on, "and I am not at all obliged to you for that, even if for the present you have apparently made it pay. It won't last; these fancy schemes never do. However, I can't stop you trying it while I am fast here. But one thing I must know. Are you wantin' to marry my lass?"

Ernest could hardly believe his ears. He flushed to the roots of his hair and stammered, "That has been my dearest wish for a long time now, sir."

"An' is she willin' to have you?"

"Father," she said proudly, "I shall feel it an honour to be his wife!"

"Then what the dickens are you waitin' for?" mumbled the old man. "Get wed, an' quick about it. If I don't get some hold on that clever fellow, he'll be sneakin' off with the business I've given my life to build up, and leavin' me and your mother to die in the workhouse. Get wed, I tell you, an' the sooner the better. Now be off, both of ye; I'm tired. Send your mother in."

JAMES GAULD.

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### *Our Lady of the Dying*

EACH day, hour, moment bringeth to some men  
That call which all must ultimately hear.  
Now far, now close, it comes and comes again,  
Leaving behind the heart-break and the tear  
And that abysmal loss which naught can fill.  
For Death at last shall conquer all the world,  
And his vast hush its noisiest corner still,  
When every flag before his flag is furled.

But you, who saw Death's master-stroke on earth:  
Saw Him, your Son, bow helpless at Death's doom,  
Lady of all the dying, plead rebirth;  
Crave conquest like to God's, who lit the tomb  
With Life's eternal resurrection; pray  
That Death may crown thy sons with deathless Day.

CHARLES J. QUIRK.

## ST. TERESA AND NATIONAL SPAIN

A N hotel in Avila, well known to tourists, has changed its name from "Hotel Inglaterra" to "Hotel National." The manager explained that the public had requested that the change should be made. The lounge made an interesting picture. Pressmen from many nations, German aviators, Phalangists, Requetés. A four-course dinner and a five-course lunch could be served for the sum of a few pesetas. A penny brought an egg to the table, and twopence a pound of bread. And we were some sixty miles from the Front, where Brunete lay a smouldering ruin. A tall Requeté officer came up to me. "Can I do anything for you?" He spoke in excellent English. "You see, I was at school in England and loved it. It was a school in the north called Stonyhurst." And this information implied, of course, a long evening together and a terrible tale of his Madrid imprisonment. The British Embassy had finally helped him to escape from the Red terror; a strange exception, for it concerned itself with no one in Madrid who did not happen to be a British subject.

"And that's one of the reasons why things British are unpopular in National Spain," said my friend. "Here in Avila we can very well afford to forget the British Empire. St. Teresa is worth a dozen Empires."

A quaint picture in the sacristy of the church where St. Teresa lies buried depicts her as a very small girl, hand-in-hand with her young brother, setting out to seek martyrdom among the Moors. On the side of the picture a brave gentleman-at-arms is shown on horseback: a true *Caballero* with sword dangling at his side. He is their uncle, intent on preventing them from the pursuit of their chivalrous and romantic enterprise.

The picture has no artistic value, but it reflects the soul of sixteenth-century Spain. Teresa as a child loved to read tales of chivalry. Her tastes would have been discouraged by modern experts on children's education. She pored over ding-dong tales of battle, bravery, hardship and enterprise against the infidel. "Death, yes; submission, never!" was their constant message and lesson; a message and a lesson that she was later to teach to her novices. And then there is



her statue in the same chapel. A very remarkable statue; over-coloured, ornate, "theatrical," too realistic—these are obvious observations. But it is the real Teresa: humble yet magnanimous; manly strength and motherly tenderness in the face; it is human but reflects a soul wounded with love; the hands may be jewelled, but they are the hands of one who found the best service of her Lord and God *entra los pucheros*—"among pots and pans." Hands, too, often closed in prayer and able to wield a vigorous Castilian prose. She is coped and crowned; this is the honour men have imposed on her. For St. Joseph's convent nearby, her first foundation, is stark in its austerity; there for centuries Carmel has lived its Christian "Communism"; there Christ's poverty is practised.

And yet Carmels have been burnt and destroyed and Carmelite nuns dishonoured. Convents have been sacked or converted to profane uses.<sup>1</sup> The men who made the Republic of 1931 and the men who prepared the Revolution of 1936 turned against Teresa. Her name was erased from the streets of Avila in the former year and when the Reds triumphed in Malaga, the relic of her right arm was seized by one of their generals. He was moved, it was said, not so much by devotion to the Saint or even to the relic but rather to the reliquary. This attack on Teresa is significant. The true Spaniard—inclusive of the true Basque—loves and venerates her. Salamanca, quaintly enough, conferred a degree on her and Don Alfonso declared her patroness of the garrison of her city. Her books are ranked on the level of classics. The collected manuscripts of her writings were put beside those of St. Augustine and St. John Chrysostom at the Escorial. But where are they to-day?

The attack on Teresa is therefore an attack on the spirituality and idealism of the Church; and an attempt to tear Spain away from her traditional moorings and set her sails for uncharted seas.

Recall a verse from Chesterton's poem "A Party Question":

But when that tangled war our fathers waged  
 Stirred against her—Then could we hear right well,  
 Through war of men not wrongfully enraged,  
 The little hiss that only comes from hell.

<sup>1</sup> The official Burgos Reports on Red atrocities have been reticent on treatment allotted to nuns; the German official investigation less so. The present writer has seen documentary evidence in Rome on this subject. The English Catholic Press has exaggerated nothing.

It is possible, in all the major conflicts of history, to find bad men objectively allied to the standard of truth and good men "who had good reason to be wrong." Hatred of worldly clergy, an attack on vested interests, a revolt against pomp and power in ecclesiastical circles—all this can be understood. But hatred against the Mother of God—

Whom had she greeted and not graced in greeting  
Whom did she touch and touched not to his peace

—why?

Because there are satanic powers at work in the world, pledged not only to the destruction of the visible hierarchical organization of the Church, but also to the dethronement of her invisible supernatural influences. Satan is the "enemy of our human nature" and aims at the undoing of its deification. Hence the constant attempt of heresy to undermine and understate the full dogma of the Incarnation, guarded by the dogma of the true Motherhood of Mary. When the attack turns on this, no mere "party question" is involved. She is not the Mother of a party; she is the Mother of man, the Mother of the Maker, the Image of the Church, the Exemplar of the Christian virtues.

This line of thought, with due qualifications, can be applied to the case of Teresa. The Saints are, after all, but models and images of the Queen of Saints and purveyors of graces won by her intercession. There in Avila one can walk into the *patio* of an old building. It was once a convent; Teresa named it the *Encarnacion*; here she prayed, saw visions, did penance, washed pots and pans, and in the intervals snatched from the spinning-wheel composed her *Vida*. Her life mirrored the Incarnate life of God in the village of Nazareth.

Twenty years before her birth the warriors of Avila had rallied to the cry of "Granada for the Kings of Castile, Don Fernando and Doña Isabel." Teresa, in her seclusion, was not unaware of the tramp of Spanish infantry across Europe and the sailing of Spanish ships across the ocean. Did they carry the Cross as well as the Flag? This was her chief concern. And thus Teresa stands not only for Catholicity but in a special sense for Spanish Catholicity. The men who hate the national tradition realize this. Between them and her there is an unbridgeable gulf. She served *Su Majestad*, and propagated His glory; they obey their "Duce" (call him what you will); and inculcate his doctrines. I was thinking of

these things in the central square of Avila. There she stands in stone: tall and tender, strong and serene under the Castilian sunlight. Round the base of the statue the names of the great warriors, craftsmen, navigators and statesmen of sixteenth-century Spain are inscribed. They include the names of famous Basques. Teresa towers over the national tradition, nurtured in a Spain, *una, grande, libre*. Someone had scrawled across the pedestal a large ARRIBA ESPAÑA and a VIVA CRISTO REY. And there in the sunlight one remembered again that she had anticipated the Liturgy of the feast of the Kingship of Christ in her own prayers, enshrined it in her heart, cloistered it in her convents and given it to the world in her books. And it is precisely this Kingship and its implied Authority that the would-be destroyers of Catholic Spain despised and derided.

When we speak of "destroyers" we are thinking not so much of the instigated masses who actually wielded the implements of destruction, but of the leaders who instigated them. They alone have a clear theory at the back of their revolutionary action. And when we mention that Franco guards the rescued relic of her right arm in his study, we do so for the sake of its interior and real significance. It is possible, of course, for generals to affect pious poses for the general edification of the nation; if Franco reveres the relic he reveres the Saint connected with it and the Catholic and National tradition which it typifies. Teresa was beatified in 1614; the ceremonies were magnificent; trumpets and kettle-drums crashed their sounds in the streets—but the rejoicing had been preceded by an eight days' fast. "All Barcelona," says a contemporary witness, "was in revolution." Times have changed. "In the sixteenth century all the world believed and all the world was intolerant," wrote Menéndez y Pelayo. To-day the world needs Teresa's militant intolerance of error, for it implies a recognition of objective truth. And Catholics need her readiness for martyrdom—but not at the hand of the Moors.

GEORGE BURNS.

# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### TOMBS IN A CATHEDRAL.

THE Cathedral of Mayence was imperially conceived, as became the metropolitan church of that archbishop who enjoyed precedence over the two other Spiritual Electors of the German Empire and whose privilege it was to crown the Emperor Elect. From the great eastern choir (contrary to general usage, the sanctuary of Mayence Cathedral lies to the west), the cathedral with its towering Romanesque arches and massive pillars has a solemn spaciousness calculated to awe and subdue the most turbulent spirits. And this atmosphere of spiritual authority is intensified by the majestic memorials to the Archbishop-Electors of "Golden Mayence" that adorn the walls and pillars of the church, forming a portrait-gallery in stone famous throughout Germany and altogether unique of its kind. Confronting them, you feel that these were masterful men, princes of the militant church, well equipped for their high estate and for dealing with a stubborn people and unruly princes.

Typical is the oldest of these "epitaphs," that of Siegfried of Eppstein, who died in 1249. The difference in degree between spiritual and temporal power is emphasized in no uncertain way by the effigies of a very tall bishop crowning to his left and right two pygmy kings. Elsewhere, a colossal Peter von Aspel has no less than three stunted monarchs clustering at his feet, and by the forceful gesture of his strong right arm he seems to convey that he upon whose head he is pressing the crown shall at least feel conscious of its weight.

Just as St. Paul's Cathedral has been called Wren's own memorial, Mayence Cathedral may be said to bear eternal testimony to the genius and sanctity of its founder, Archbishop Willigis. It follows in the main the ground-plan of an earlier church started by the same prelate in 975 and consumed by fire in 1009, on the day of its consecration. Willigis was the son of a wheelwright, and though called to so high an estate, remained to the end a man of profound humility as the white Plough-wheel on a crimson ground, which gleams on his episcopal escutcheon remains to indicate. His long and fruitful tenure of office, and the esteem of his flock is commemorated by the "Plough-wheel of Mayence" which figures as the city's coat of arms to this day.

Something of the lovely Rhineland's atmosphere of romance still lingers in the shadows of the great cathedral. It was there that Fastrada, Charlemagne's beloved third consort, found her

last resting-place. So inconsolable is he said to have been at her loss that he refused to be separated from her dead body, until those around him resorted to a ruse, hinting that the dead queen had cast some evil spell upon him. It was only then, in order to vindicate her honour, that he finally permitted the corpse to be removed for burial in the cathedral. His subsequent change of residence to Aix la Chapelle, where he built the great Minster which is his tomb, may have been due to the desire to escape the poignant memories of happier days or to the fact that he had discovered in the famous sulphur springs of Aix palliatives for the infirmities of increasing age.

In any case, the so-called Fastrada Stone that flanks the entrance to the cathedral cloisters and which possibly served as the cover of her sarcophagus, is all that remains of that white and gold pillared tomb raised by a sorrowing husband to the memory of a beloved wife.

Another medieval romance is recalled by the tomb of the minnesinger, Heinrich von Meissen, better known as "Frauenlob," which is to be found in the cloisters. The memorial stone is not quite a century old, but it is more or less a faithful reconstruction of the original, blurred and battered by the passage of time, that is preserved in the cathedral museum. It may not be great art, but it does help to conjure up the poetic burial-scene recorded by the old chronicler. For, so sweetly had "Frauenlob" sung the praises of noble "Frowen" that after his death, eight high-born ladies bore him to his tomb in the cathedral, whilst the women of Mayence formed a vast guard of honour in the funeral cortège. And then they gave him of the most characteristic gift his homeland had to offer, a last libation of Rhenish wine which they poured so abundantly on his tomb that it flowed in a stream through the cloisters and the chronicler relates that "the whole church was filled with its fragrance."

The head depicted on the memorial stone wears a royal crown, and below it in relief you can see the eight noble maidens "bearing the corpse on their frail shoulders." For six months they mourned "Frauenlob," listening to no sweet music, eschewing the diversions permitted to their sex, and even deferring their weddings until the period of mourning was over.

The tomb, however, that is most visited by the faithful, as distinct from the floating population of tourists, is that of W. von Ketteler, the "Great Archbishop," who died in 1877. In accordance with his own desire, he was laid to rest in the Lady Chapel of his cathedral, with its "Schöne Madonna" proffering a bunch of her homeland grapes to the smiling Child on her arm. Like Adolph Kolping and Dr. Carl Sonnenschein, Ketteler was one of Germany's greatest social reformers—the pioneer in Germany of all real constructive work to restore the rights of Labour. Eighty years before National Socialism was ever heard of, he was

pursuing some of its finer ideals, with the difference that all his reforms were based on Christian principles, that he had no State support and that the bulk of his undertakings was financed by himself. Had he been supported by the State or even by Catholics as he should have been, the abuses that foster Communism might have been remedied betimes, for there was something almost prophetic in his realization of the social trend of his own days. For all his championship of the working man, he sensed the danger of mass-organizations as possible instruments of revolutionary propaganda, and to the very end, he strove to spiritualize the working-class movement. Of von Ketteler, Dr. Sonnenschein aptly says that, with Leo XIII, he shared "an instinctive grasp of, and an heroic preparedness for, social problems in the early stages of their being."

Several years ago, on the fiftieth anniversary of von Ketteler's death, a flame was kindled in a miner's lamp from the fires of a great smelting-furnace in Westphalia, the home-country of the "Working-men's Bishop." It was then blessed in St. Lambert's church, Münster, where he was baptized, and brought with a guard of honour of a thousand Catholic miners and factory-workers to Mayence, where a concourse of close upon fifteen thousand men awaited its arrival and formed a procession to the cathedral. At ten o'clock at night a flame was kindled from this light before Ketteler's tomb by the Bishop of Mayence, and from the flame these men lighted their candles and miner's lamps and walked in silent procession through the darkened cathedral, a living stream of light.

This is the story of that lamp of remembrance which, if the Nazis have not put it out, you will still find burning before von Ketteler's tomb.

E. CODD.

#### **A THREAT TO RELIGION IN EAST AFRICA.**

OUR Catholic papers about the middle of last month did valuable service to the Faith by calling emphatic attention to a Colonial Office Report (Colonial No. 142: 2s. 6d. n.), issued in September, which would otherwise have hardly come to the knowledge of Catholics although, both as Catholics and citizens, it vitally affects their interests. Briefly, it foreshadows an attempt to introduce into the flourishing dependency of Uganda the un-Christian policy of secular education, by suggesting that the Government there should gradually get control of all schools by multiplying its own, by discriminating against the already existing mission schools and by crowning the whole educational structure by the "undenominational" quasi-University, the College at Makerere (founded in 1922). Of course, all this is projected in the Report—issued by a Commission on Higher Education in East Africa which spent a month or so in the Protectorate last spring—

in the assumed best interests of the natives. One cannot accuse the Colonial Office, which looks after all the British overseas dependencies, of being consciously indifferent to the general well-being of its charges, and the various missionaries have hitherto had little to complain of in their relations with Government and its representatives. Naturally enough, for the task of civilizing the natives by introducing them to Christian culture has been mainly in the hands of those brave and self-sacrificing men, and even the Report, to the main principle of which the gravest exception must be taken, pays generous tribute in more than one place to their invaluable and indispensable co-operation in the past. Hitherto in Uganda both parties have worked in harmony, the officials finding in the missionaries a civilizing influence of the first importance, and allowing them commonly all necessary facilities for their work. The concordat, so to call it, drawn up by the Advisory Committee of the Colonial Office in 1925—a body composed of an Anglican and a Catholic Bishop and various colonial and educational experts—is a document which, in its emphasis upon religion and morality in teaching and in its insistence upon co-operation with all existing educational agencies, remains a model of practical wisdom and justice, and aptly reflects the exceptional qualifications of its various signatories. That is still "in possession" and we trust that the Colonial Office will allow it, in substance, to continue so.

For the longer and more elaborate Report lately issued, although bringing together a useful collection of facts and showing many signs of conscientious labour, is largely academic in character. It does not really appreciate what the work of civilizing the heathen consists in. Its members with one exception—the distinguished African explorer and linguist, Major Hanns Vischer, who unfortunately was unable to take any active part in the work—had no experience of native education, there was no Catholic amongst them, and, again with one exception, Mr. John Murray, whose Minority Report forms the best critique of their attitude, they were purely secularist in their educational outlook. Now, civilization begins in the school, and an essential part of civilization is religion, since no stable or consistent or true morality can be taught without reference to Almighty God, Creator and Judge. It is through their schools that the missionaries work, segregating for the sake of efficiency believers from unbelievers: it is by a gradual process of conversion to the truth of Christianity that the native is delivered from the corruptions of Paganism which are anti-social as well as immoral. Mohammedanism, which is better than Paganism as being theistic, nevertheless does not, because of its lax morality, provide foundation enough for true civilization. An educational system, therefore, which does not use the only practical means of freeing its subjects from gross and degrading superstitions or from a corrupt form of religion, which, in a word, is professedly godless, will never be capable of raising the cultural



level of the African natives, but rather, by cultivating the intellect to the neglect of the will, will leave them worse than they were. The 1925 Memorandum, whilst discountenancing the policy of turning the African into a black European, expressly declared—

Education should strengthen the feeling of responsibility to the tribal community and at the same time should strengthen will-power; should make the conscience sensitive both to moral and intellectual truth; and should impart some power of discrimination between good and evil, between reality and superstition.

Having thus clearly distinguished between mere knowledge and character, the Memorandum goes on—

The greatest importance must, therefore, be attached to religious teaching and moral instruction. Both in schools and in training-colleges they should be accorded an equal standing with secular subjects. . . Such influences should permeate the whole life of the school.

"No," says the new Report equivalently, "in the Government non-sectarian schools, which should be greatly increased at the public expense, and especially in the College which sets the standard for all lower education, morality shall be taught without religion and secular subjects shall predominate. The missionary schools, no longer actively encouraged and helped by the Government nor regarded as an essential portion of the educational system, and never at best equipped for all-round training, must be content with smaller grants, as public money is more fitly utilized for public schools."

How familiar we are with the old specious arguments of the secularist which, however deftly camouflaged, are inherent in this Report! Here in England, but for the indomitable resistance of the small Catholic body, aided of course by religious-minded Anglicans, we should long ago have had secular education universal, with a few half-starved voluntary schools just allowed to live. And now, under cover of introducing a new and improved conception of education—"such a conception as is to-day moulding educational theory in Europe and the United States"—the really vital process of character-training, moral and spiritual teaching—is to be pushed into the background in favour of secularism. This, as we saw, is a complete reversal of previous policy, whereby the Government schools supplemented the religious, and the latter were recognized as a real force in civilization. And the *volte-face* is all the more objectionable because affecting Uganda, that African province which has shown most eagerness in accepting the Faith, which already has furnished a glorious contingent to the Church's army of martyrs, and which boasts of a Catholic population of nearly 700,000, the non-Catholic Christians being 322,000 in number and the non-Christians, Pagan and Moham-

medan, about 2½ millions. In 1925 the Colonial Office acknowledged that its Advisory Committee's Memorandum was put forth in consequence of its "fuller recognition of the principle that the Controlling Power is responsible as Trustee for the moral advancement of the native population." That recognition was, in fact, accelerated by the Report of a Commission from America (the Phelps-Stokes Commission) which revealed how education, left entirely to the self-sacrificing but unco-ordinated and impoverished Mission Societies, was materially in a very backward state. But then the Government had no thought of discarding those valiant pioneers: rather, glad of their experience and their zeal, it embodied them as an integral part of its system. So, if it still looks upon itself "as Trustee for the moral advancement of the native," it should continue to act to-day.

If the foregoing criticism of an elaborate and carefully thought-out document seems in any way captious and partisan, let me assure the reader that Mr. John Murray's Minority Report is much more searching and severe. He objects altogether to the Government itself taking over the function of teacher, instead of being the supervisor of the already existing educational agencies, especially as "in Uganda the first step in civilizing has been Christianizing." He implies that the Commission had an instinctive anti-Mission bias, reflected in fact the mentality of those "who think that missions are an oddity and that Imperialism is enough." He denounces as "an alien order of ideas" in Uganda the assumption "that the State must be secularist, that it must be impartial among the sects and religions or indifferent between Christianity and heathendom." And he sums up the weakness of the new scheme in a sentence—"Government servants in schools cannot be missionaries though missionaries can be the servants of Government," whilst not obscurely hinting that if you debar the educated native from Christianity he may easily take to Bolshevism. His final recommendation, in consonance both with reason and experience, is that Government should work through and by the Missions, helping them to develop existing undertakings so as to include the whole programme desired.

It is to be hoped that means will be found to press upon the Colonial Office the facts voiced by this valuable Minority view. Nothing in the way of improvement that the Majority recommends but can be accomplished in substance without disturbing the seventy years devoted work of the Missionary Societies. On the other hand to introduce into a defenceless dependency a system of secularism, which dare not be introduced into England and which is demonstrably barren of any real civilizing influence, would be grievously to abuse the power and responsibility of a Trustee.

J.K.

## II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- AMERICA: Oct. 2, 1937. **General Franco rescues New Spain**, by Nena Belmonte. [An authentic and detailed interview with Franco on the origin and inspiration of the Spanish struggle.]
- CATHOLIC HERALD: Oct. 22, 1937. **"Catholics of the World—Unite!"** [A clear conspectus of the missionary activity of the Church, and the source and distribution of its funds.]
- CATHOLIC WORLD: Oct., 1937. **Palestine and Zionism**, by Pierre Crabitès. [An historical survey of the vacillating policy of both Great Britain and the Zionists, and the resulting injustice to the Arabs.]
- DUBLIN REVIEW: Oct., 1937. **The Guardians of the Holy Places**, by Douglas V. Duff. [An expert discussion of the Palestine Question, recommending a Cantonment system as a solution.]
- ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW: Oct., 1937. **Teachers par excellence**, by E. Schmeidler, O.S.B. [An exposition of the duties of parents in the education of their children.]
- ÉTUDES: Oct. 20, 1937. **Une Crise des Missions protestantes**, by Alexandre Brou. [Account of gradual decay of Protestant missionary activity, taken from Protestant sources.]
- HOMILETIC AND PASTORAL REVIEW: Oct., 1937. **Can we stop the Leakage?**, by J. M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap. [A statistical account of the labour expended and the results attained in a prolonged campaign for the preservation of the Faith in an American parish.]
- IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD: Oct., 1937. **The Inquisition**, by D. F. MacDaid. [A full and sober account of the character and nature of this means of preserving the Faith.]
- SOWER: Oct.—Dec., 1937. **Teaching the Mass to Children**, by Mgr. J. T. McMahon. [Detailed instruction, with references to other source-books by the author, concerning the various ways of making the young Catholic realize the tremendous importance of the Holy Sacrifice.]
- STUDIES: Sept., 1937. **The Depressed Classes in India**, by G. Baader, S.J. [An account of the inhuman treatment of one-fifth of India's population by the rest.]
- TABLET: Oct. 23, 1937. **The Classics and Usury**, by Aloysius Roche. [A useful sketch of the different opinions about money-lending in pre-Christian times.]
- UNIVERSE: Oct. 22, 1937. **Marriage; the Battleground of Catholicism and Paganism**, by Hilaire Belloc. [Shows that increasing disregard for the marriage-bond is paving the way to the dissolution of Society.]

# REVIEWS

## I—A TRAGIC FRIENDSHIP<sup>1</sup>

MISS PETRE has published this "Story," consisting, almost entirely, of the letters of two friends and mutual admirers, chiefly, it would seem, for a special purpose. "There is a persistent temptation in the Catholic world," she writes, "to establish the orthodoxy of one by pointing out the greater unorthodoxy of another" (p. 4). For ourselves, though we have read, we hope, most that has been written on the subject in recent years, we have noticed little tendency "to establish the orthodoxy of one," still less to do it by "pointing out the greater unorthodoxy of another." We have noticed a "tendency" to distinguish in one the orthodox from the unorthodox, in the other, to explain his unorthodoxy on sympathetic grounds; in both cases Christian charity has, of late, tried to say all it could on behalf of both. But evidently Miss Petre is not satisfied. Revival of interest in von Hügel has at least "tended" to cloud the memory of Tyrrell, and to make it seem that the former was the greater man. To correct this impression she has published their letters, one to another, from the beginning of their acquaintance to Father Tyrrell's death; in editing the letters she makes no attempt to conceal her judgment. For all his enthusiasm for the cause of Modernism, in the end von Hügel, rather than suffer in himself, let both Modernism and Father Tyrrell down; for all his waywardness and lack of control, Father Tyrrell was faithful unto his death to the cause he had once embraced.

This, in substance, would seem to be the purpose of Miss Petre's book; perhaps she has succeeded better than was ever her intention. Friends of von Hügel will, almost inevitably, be made to pause in their devotion to his memory; when they would excuse his unorthodoxy, they will probably now have to confess that they never thought he had gone so far as some of these letters would imply. Again, when they would speak of his sympathy and understanding, they will be given pause by the sneering contempt with which he could write of those, not excluding the Pope, who did not agree with him. Again there appears a persistent belief in himself, as against the whole Church if need be, which, to say the least, is scarcely Catholic. Thus far Miss Petre has succeeded; she has made the Baron appear in a light that cannot but make his would-be admirers hesitate to go any further.

<sup>1</sup> *Von Hügel and Tyrrell: The Story of a Friendship.* By M. D. Petre. Preface by Canon Lilley. London: Dent & Sons. Pp. xii, 208. Price, 7s. 6d.

But what of Father Tyrrell? Those who knew him in his lifetime, especially during the years covered by this series of letters, will not find their judgment materially altered by what they may find in these pages. They will find him, in the beginning, despite the troubles that had already appeared from elsewhere, still a devoted son of the Church, the author of "Nova et Vetera"; as the letters succeed one another they will find the deterioration, first in obedience, then in judgment, finally in charity, as he sees the condemnation looming up before him. He becomes more defiant, more reckless, and at last appears the stinging sarcasm in the use of which Father Tyrrell had few equals. Miss Petre admires his consistency, and his willingness to perish for his cause; but the Tyrrell of 1909 was a very different man from the Tyrrell of ten years before, and the cause he defended then was poles apart from what he had in mind when he first set out on his voyage through troubled waters. In judging the man, fortunately, we have more to go upon than just these letters; we still cherish all that seems to us implied in "one of his last words": "He will not let me die without the sacraments." As we read these letters we wonder what good cause is served by their publication. Their subject is a history long dead, nor will they enhance the good repute of either of those who wrote them.

✠ A.G.

## 2—THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST<sup>1</sup>

THROUGH the mouth of a simple, young country Curé whom his brother priests considered a hopeless muddler and whom his parishioners thought mad, M. Georges Bernanos has given expression to his hopes and fears for the Catholic Church in modern France. It is a powerful and most moving book, aglow in every page with deep faith and profound compassion. For the purposes of his art the author has, of course, arranged his story, and it might even be argued that he weighted the scales too heavily against his little priest from the first page. But there is no denying the universality of his theme, which is sanctity at war with the sin and misery of mankind. The Curé is a kind of contemporary St. John of the Cross, eager in every fibre of him to fill with the joy of God his bored and hopeless parish. How hopeless it was may be guessed from the fact that the only two people even his all-embracing heart could learn to love were a defeated, unbelieving doctor who committed suicide, and a tough young officer of the Foreign Legion. The rest of his people, including the family at the château, crucified him by their indifference, their

<sup>1</sup> *The Diary of a Country Priest.* By Georges Bernanos. Translated by Pamela Morris. London: Boriswood. Pp. 318. Price, 10s. 6d. n.

cynicism, their private lusts and hates, their imperviousness to any appeal of love. When, like the poet, he turned to the children wistfully for comfort, not their angels but the devil plucked them from him. Even his prayers, which by their intensity had so worn his face that it reminded his Foreign Legion friend of "a very old Missal or one of those half-rubbed-out engravings on ancient tombstones," seemed often to be crying into the darkness. His *Dark Night of the Soul* lasted, except for a fitful gleam now and then, to the very end, and he died of cancer before, in his own humble judgment, he had even learned how to approach his problems. From this it will be evident that M. Bernanos shirks nothing. As a thinker he is a desperate realist. To use a comparison from a lower sphere, his great book belongs to the class of "The House with the Green Shutters," rather than to that of "Cranford" or "A Window in Thrums." But the faith that throbs in it, the almost angry urgency of its appeal to priests for a deeper realization of their tremendous office, lifts it from being a mere gloomy book to the plane of inspiration. It is hard to imagine how any priest, or indeed any lay person, Catholic or Protestant, could read it without his conscience turning over. Never was there a better case made out for sanctity as the only possible true remedy for the diseases of mankind. M. Bernanos is no preacher, and all this is conveyed with the most exquisite art. His prose (here beautifully translated by Pamela Morris) is both terrible and tender. There is this about a book of Maxim Gorki (for whom the Curé prayed every day) describing the condition of the Russian poor under the Tsar:

The cry of a people, a cry different from that of any other nation, even unlike the cry of the Jews, mortified in their pride like the dead in spices. Really it isn't a cry, but a chant, a hymn. Oh, not a church hymn, nothing that could be called a prayer. There's something of everything in it, as they say. The howling of a moujik under the rods, the screaming of a beaten wife, the hiccup of a drunkard, and the growlings of animal joy, that wild sigh from the loins—since, alas! poverty and lust seek each other out and call to each other in the darkness like two famished beasts. No doubt I should turn from all this in disgust. And yet I feel that such distress, distress that has forgotten even its name, that has ceased to reason or to hope, that lays its tortured head at random, will awaken one day on the shoulder of Jesus Christ.

Or this again on the same theme:

Creatures walled-in for generations by their own silence, deep beyond their means of breaking it, and even beyond all urge towards release, for workaday toil is so innocently linked

in their thought with the slow unfolding of dreams. Until a day when— Oh, my isolated poor!

There are many such cries from the heart in the book. For himself the little Curé asked nothing at all, but he was human enough to break down and weep for sheer love of the beauty of the world, when the doctor told him he must soon say good-bye to it all: "Can I have loved it all so much? Mornings, evenings, roads, mysterious changing roads, full of the steps of men. Is there any poor boy, brought up in their dust, who has not scattered there his dreams?" His flame of hope could not be quenched by any adversity, and from it others in the darkness lit their tapers. Mme la Comtesse, who despised him, had been in black, bitter despair all the long years since her baby boy had died. He staked his soul for hers in a terrible scene and she wrote to him afterwards: "Hope! I'd held it dead in my arms, on a windy, desolate, horrible evening in March! I'd felt the last breath of hope on my cheeks, on a spot which I know. Yet *now* I hope again! This hope is the flesh of my flesh. I can't express it. I should have to speak as a little child." Such quotations are utterly inadequate to convey the power, the pathos, the beauty, the spiritual *thrillingness* of this wonderful book. After reading it, one understands a little better why M. Bernanos, with his tragic sense of life, shares M. Maritain's views about the Spanish War. If he would only push his analysis a little further he would inevitably change those views, for, unless we are all dreaming, hope and joy and the true Gospel of the poor are in General Franco's keeping.

J.B.

### 3—A PHILOSOPHER'S MUSINGS<sup>1</sup>

WE have learnt to look to the author of "A Philosophy of Form" for serious thought; and in this respect we are not disappointed in Mr. Watkin's latest book—a collection of essays, some of them completely new, others reprints, revised and sometimes considerably expanded. Among the new essays are those on H. G. Wells, Galsworthy, Havelock Ellis, Peace and War and the Philosophy of Marxism.

Mr. Watkin's main thesis, perceptible throughout the book, is the pre-eminence of form over matter or energy, and of the contemplation of form over action for action's sake. Form, the determining principle in an object, is also the intelligible element in that object; and it is by the contemplation of form, rather than

<sup>1</sup> *Men and Tendencies*. By E. I. Watkin. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. ix, 316. Price, 10s. 6d.



by acting, that the vision of truth is acquired. If all were flux and motion, then we could have no vision of a stable and abiding truth: we should have to relapse into an intellectual Pyrrhonism or into Mr. Aldous Huxley's "Philosophy of Moods." But since the intelligible is immanent in that which is itself opaque to intelligence, a sure and certain metaphysic, a *philosophia perennis* is possible. Life is determined by form ("Shape IS life," quotes Mr. Watkin in his essay on Galsworthy): form is not determined by life. The Ultimate and Absolute is the concrete identification of Form and Energy—the *Actus Purus* of the Scholastic—and not a blind *élan vital*, nor the mysterious autodynamic matter of the Marxist, nor the animal instinct of D. H. Lawrence.

Mr. Watkin's book is therefore a vindication of Reason, and ultimately of divine Reason, the Word of God, over irrationalism, over unreasoning energy, over Energeticism, as the author expresses it. This energeticism may be individual as in D. H. Lawrence's "religion of the blood," or racial as in National Socialism, or national as in Fascism; but in the end it comes to the worship of force, even if its worship be of a cosmic urge. Reason and truth are discarded in favour of a blind adoration of an immanent activity, of a self-manifesting and developing force. Such energeticism is opposed to the concept of a stable and abiding truth, implying the existence of a Transcendent God and a creation which partially reflects His divine Perfections. Hence the German god is pitted against the Christian God, or autodynamic matter against the Transcendent Absolute.

This is not, however, to deny that there may be some form of philosophy behind the various manifestations of energeticism. Thus the official creed of Soviet Russia is the philosophy of Karl Marx as interpreted by Lenin and Stalin; and National Socialism sponsors an ideology to which all German writers must conform, if they do not wish to be considered alien to the nation's life. These various ideologies and philosophies trace back to Hegel's conception of the self-developing and manifesting Absolute, and are ultimately varieties of the worship of force, in the place of Truth and Reason, of activity and energy in the place of form.

Now, inasmuch as Mr. Watkin's book is a vindication of reason, the author, like Socrates, does not hesitate to follow where the argument leads. His thought at times is rather metaphysical for the ordinary English reader, unaccustomed to serious and prolonged abstract thinking; but he reaches some surprisingly bold and concrete conclusions. In a review of his valuable book on "Philosophy and Mysticism," published in *THE MONTH* for September, 1920, Mr. Watkin was accused of "an excessive boldness both of speculation and expression"; but in regard to the present volume this charge is not likely to be repeated so emphatically: we have learned the necessity in the interval of modifying not a few

theories to harmonize with facts. Still, in some cases he is ahead of facts.

To take an example. In his essay on "Peace and War" the author argues from Vittoria's principle that if a war, justified in regard to a particular State, were to injure the world at large, that fact would render it unjust, and concludes that in view of the involved international interests at stake in the world to-day, there is no such thing as a just war of defence. Thus if Germany were to declare war against England in order to regain her African colonies, we ought, rather than risk the boundless evil of a general conflagration, yield them without resistance. Whatever the future may bring forth, this counsel, if followed now, would only result in the destruction of liberty and the triumph of the unscrupulous. Until the federation of the world has been accomplished, and peace is maintained by an international police-force, we "needs must combat might with might," in Tennyson's phrase "or Might would rule alone."

To those realists who scout the possibility of this fallen world attaining to peace by a general and voluntary submission to law and justice, Mr. Watkin offers another solution—the ultimate triumph of the communist ideal of a reformed social order, which may well provide the material foundation on which the Kingdom of God may build. Christianity will eventually triumph and utilize the material cadre (of course *mutandis mutatis*) which materialistic Communism will have provided. Thus will the energeticism of the materialistic creed form the antithesis in the dialectical development of history, which will be, not merely negated, but taken up, utilized, enriched, vivified and transcended in the ideal realism of the Christian system. The gates of hell will not prevail against God's Church, but He can and will bring good out of evil, and greater good out of apparently greater evil.

This is obviously very speculative and, in so far as it is peculiar to the author, somewhat bold. But it is pregnant with suggestion and no doubt will stimulate other thinkers. The more fruitfully, we may add, were the expression a little clearer. The MONTH review, above mentioned, detected a certain Teutonic savour in Mr. Watkin's style. Certainly not a few of the essays in *Men and Tendencies* are, as the publisher puts it, "lighter than we would expect from so deep a philosopher"; yet there is much stiff reading even in this work. It would be a great pity, however, if readers were deterred by this from a careful study of a book which is very well worth the attention of Catholics.

4—CHRIST AND WOMANKIND<sup>1</sup>

IT is surely fitting that in the splendid renaissance of spiritual writing, which we are assured is one of the consoling fruits of the persecution of Christ's Church in Germany, there should appear a great book on Christian womanhood. It is impossible to rise from the study of the work of Dr. Peter Ketter, *Christ and Womankind*, without having in mind the prophecy of holy Simeon after he had blessed the Child and His Mother. In his foreword Dr. Ketter states that his work "has grown out of long years of work in great women's sodalities, in Bible circles and in discussion groups. Those taking part were from all classes of society—from the learned professions, the middle classes and the working classes. Women of all ages were represented, from stormy, tempestuous youth to peaceful age, with its clearer judgments and more settled desires," and we are put in mind of the mysterious promise "that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed." There is food for thought about the educative value of suffering, that we should have to wait through long years of hackneyed and often barren debate about Christianity and Feminism upon the violent contradiction of Christ among the German people for a work which must take its place as the most satisfactory discussion of this important and noble theme.

Dr. Ketter brings to what has been obviously a labour of love not only mature reflection on a wide experience of apostolic work among, and in co-operation with, women, but deep learning based on extensive reading, as is shown in the bibliographical notes, and in the range of his argument. Further he brings to his subject the profound knowledge of Holy Scripture that befits one who holds a professorial chair of New Testament Exegetics, whilst first-hand acquaintance with Palestine derived from travel enables him to adorn his treatise with much fascinating detail.

The titles of the four main parts of the book give an adequate idea of its scope; The Status of Woman before Christ; Christ's Gifts to and Requirements of Womankind; Individual Women in the Life of Christ; Women of the Apostolic Age. It will be seen at once that Dr. Ketter's method, after giving a balanced account of the status of woman in the pagan world and in Israel, is to return to Christ and concentrate on the endeavour to penetrate to a full understanding of His teaching about womankind as revealed in His Word and in His dealings with His women followers. In a searching analysis of Holy Scripture the fruitfulness of Christ's vindication of the dignity of human personality, which applies in all its force to woman as well as man, is developed in a powerful

<sup>1</sup> *Christ and Womankind*. By Dr. Peter Ketter. Translated by Isabel McHugh. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. 446. Price, 18s.

argument. "Christ has placed the human personality of the woman on exactly the same level as that of the man. As moral personalities man and woman are not subordinated but co-ordinated. According to the teachings of Jesus the soul of woman has exactly the same value in the eyes of God as the soul of man. The worth of a woman's personality lies in herself, not in relation or subordination to man." The grave concern of the author in the face of current dangers to human personality from false philosophies, which seek to collectivize man according to some economic or political formula, lends a force and an eloquence to his argument, to which lengthy quotation alone could do justice. In subsequent sections, beyond praise for their thoroughness and close reasoning, the author traces the implications of Christ's complete recognition of the religious personality of woman in regard to her state as wife, maid and consecrated virgin. The exposition of five pillars of Christian marriage—oneness of the marriage bond, the purity of married life, the indissolubility of the marriage bond, the holiness of the sacrament, and the protection and ennoblement of motherhood, all of which are viewed as "Christ's special wedding gifts to wives," is especially remarkable for its sure guidance, psychological insight and application to modern conditions. An admirable section on the Eucharistic Christ and Womankind completes this part. Practically the whole of the second half of the book is devoted to a study of the individual women in the New Testament, and ranges from a study of the Mother of Jesus to the women in the parables. Here the effectiveness of the author as a master of scriptural commentary, so surely and solidly displayed in the earlier parts of his work, takes on an air of grace and freshness which is singularly attractive.

Dr. Ketter came to his task with the conviction that "the most necessary contribution which one could make to the solution of the Woman's Question is to refer women to Christ, and to help them to a better understanding of His moral teaching." The priestly zeal and sympathy which urged him to his undertaking has been matched by his industry and erudition, and the result is a work which can be safely recommended to Christians, men as well as women, as of first rank and importance. The book is admirably translated by Isabel McHugh from the second German edition, and we may express the hope and confidence that it may be found possible to produce a second English edition at a price within the means of every reader who possesses books. Also we are of opinion that a book of this merit and importance could well be provided with a guide to its contents more adequate than is available in the headings of parts and sections, and a summary index of proper names.

# 5—ANGLICANISM ALWAYS NON-SACERDOTAL<sup>1</sup>

DR. E. C. MESSENGER has completed his study of Reformation Theology, with special reference to Anglican Orders, an exhaustive and authoritative work of which we have already reviewed the first volume. In the former volume he showed how the Reformation abroad influenced the Reformation in England; how the doctrinal innovations abroad issued in new liturgical services here, and how new and erroneous conceptions of the ministry led to new and inadequate rites of ordination. In this second volume he begins with the reign of Queen Mary, considering carefully the reconciliation of England to the Catholic Church and the view then taken of Anglican Orders, which were completely and absolutely rejected by the ecclesiastical authorities, both in England and in Rome. Then he studies the re-establishment of Anglicanism under Queen Elizabeth, and shows that there is no truth in the claim that the ground lost under Edward VI was recovered under Elizabeth, but that the Elizabethan Church was entirely Protestant, both in doctrine and in liturgy. The Nag's Head story is rightly rejected; but it is also rightly explained how the wide acceptance of the story by Catholic writers was an inevitable consequence of the Government's secretiveness and refusal to let the true facts be known.

It may seem that, in reference to Anglican Orders, the elaborate learning and research to which Dr. Messenger has devoted himself are unnecessary. For us Catholics this question has been settled once and for all by the Bull of Pope Leo XIII in 1896. But it is valuable both for Catholics and for non-Catholics to have this careful and scholarly presentation of the facts that made the Pope's decision inevitable on grounds both historical and theological. The genesis of the Bull is fully described. Of its precise force Dr. Messenger treats in an appendix which quotes from an earlier writing of his own on the subject. He accepts the view that the document is not technically an *ex cathedra* or, apparently, an infallible pronouncement. An infallible definition of faith in the sense treated by the Vatican Council it certainly is not. But the question still disputed among Catholic theologians is one of terminology only, and it is surprising that Anglicans, and even some Catholics, have considered it important. For the Pope with his supreme authority delivered a solemn judgment which was intended to determine finally and irrevocably a matter not merely of discipline but also of doctrine. He determined it in accordance with the previous practice and doctrine of the Church, and there is no doubt whatever that, so far as Catholic belief is concerned, the question is settled for ever.

<sup>1</sup> *The Reformation, the Mass, and the Priesthood.* By the Rev. E. C. Messenger, Ph.D. London: Longmans. Vol. II. Pp. xx, 772. Price, 30s. n.

Dr. Messenger's work has a value quite beyond the mere question of Anglican Orders. It throws light on the whole outlook of the Protestant reformers, and deserves the serious study of all who are interested, either academically or practically, in the theology of Anglicanism, a subject with which we venture to think that Catholic theologians at the present day, especially those on the Continent, are not sufficiently conversant. Our only lament is that the size and cost of the work may reduce the number of its readers; but it will be a standard work among Catholic students for a very long time and, given good will and good faith, may greatly help our separated brethren to realize their true position *vis-à-vis* the Church of Christ.

J.F.

#### 6—ACCESS TO GOOD BOOKS<sup>1</sup>

**A**N old lady died in England the other day who had lived for 105 years and had never learnt to read or write. She belonged to a small and diminishing class. On the other hand the number of those who read and write is daily increasing: some 17,000 books are published every year in this country. And the profusion of Lending Libraries and Book Clubs indicates what facilities there are for getting this literary matter distributed as widely as possible. Unfortunately in an age which, outside the Church, has largely lost touch with the Christian standards of truth and morality, the great bulk of this literature is liable to be more or less contaminated with error in both spheres. No Catholic can for a moment trust the judgment of those distinguished non-Catholic litterateurs who are employed to select a "Book of the Month" for the general reader, or, for that matter, the majority of the reviews which appear in non-Catholic journals. The only critics we can safely look to for guidance are those whom we know to hold by the revelation of Christ and the moral laws of Christianity. On this account the multiplication of Catholic Lending Libraries is to be welcomed: we must have food for our minds and these purveyors are a guarantee that the provender they supply is healthy and nutritious. And the same is true of the catalogues of the Catholic publishers whose books figure largely on the shelves of the Catholic Lending Library. It has often been said that there should be one, at least, of the kind in every great city to serve itself and its environs, and to counteract the dangerous

<sup>1</sup> (1) *The Central Catholic Library Catalogue*. Melbourne. Pp. 168. Price, 1s. (2) *The Index to American Catholic Pamphlets*. By E. P. Willging. St. Paul, Min. Pp. 128. Price, \$1.25. (3) *The Herald*. New York: "Pro Parvulis" Book Club. Pp. 36. Price, \$1.00 annually. (4) *Libraries and Literature from a Catholic Standpoint*. By S. J. Brown, S.J. Dublin: Brown & Nolan. Pp. 323. Price, 7s. 6d.



influence of the numerous public libraries which do not discriminate between what is healthy or hurtful in the goods they provide. This ideal is gradually being realized, and the credit of having initiated its realization belongs to Mr. Reed-Lewis, the founder of the "Bexhill Lending Library," which, started in 1912, attained a great vogue during the War, and was finally taken over by the C.T.S. of England. Of the purely Catholic type, intended to diffuse Catholicism through Catholic literature, that inaugurated in Dublin in 1922 by Father Stephen Brown, S.J., author of the last book on our list, is, as far as we know, the first, and it has proved the parent of several others, those for instance in Melbourne and Sydney.

The latest catalogue of the former has been sent us. The Library began in August, 1924. We received its first catalogue, listing 5,000 volumes, in 1927: to-day it has a list of 16,000 and circulates 60,000 books a year. The Catalogue is clearly and carefully compiled under twenty-six sections, and it is interesting to note that fiction comprises only about 25 per cent of the volumes issued. It must surely be doing a great work in promoting good reading in the city, where its reference section puts authentic information about the Faith at the disposal of multitudes, and in the other States of the Commonwealth.

The Index to American Pamphlets is a very laudable enterprise intended to make the small-arm ammunition of the Church Militant easy to reach by the Catholic student and teacher. The compiler found that there were so many separate and unco-ordinated sources of pamphlets in the States that much of the excellent apologetic and instructional matter contained in them remained unknown to the general public. His Index, which lists upwards of 1,400 titles actually in existence on January 1, 1937, completely classified under subjects and also alphabetically with brief descriptions when necessary, is a work of extraordinary value, if only to prevent overlapping, and, as a quarterly supplement is projected, it will retain and extend its usefulness.

We mention here another American enterprise which has met with remarkable success—the "Pro Parvulis" Book Club which issues a journal of its own, *The Herald*, every two months. Its aim is to forestall the danger that lies in incessant propaganda for the interest and support of the very young, conducted by many organizations hostile to the Christian faith and morality, by providing boys and girls with a constant supply of literature suited to their years, full of life and fun as well as morally uplifting. For \$10.00 (or £2) a year a "best book," chosen by a committee of Catholic litterateurs, will be supplied every two months to each individual member of the Club. They are divided into three categories—Boys, 10 to 15, Girls, 10 to 15 and Little Ones below 10—so that the books may meet the several capacities and tastes



of the members. Pending the formation of something similar in this country, parents might well, for the sake of their children's minds and souls, subscribe to this American venture (Address: The "Pro Parvulis" Book Club, Suite 2615A, Empire State Building, New York) or at least to *The Herald* (\$1.00) which furnishes a stimulating guide to good reading. Not a few books from English publishers appear in its lists.

Father Stephen Brown is a bibliographer *par excellence* whose practical intelligence early grasped this truth—that it is of little avail to urge Catholics to nourish their minds only on what is true and healthy, unless good literature of the sort is brought together and made easily accessible. The average reader has neither the time nor the capacity to choose from the bewildering array of books pouring from the press and accumulating on booksellers' shelves what alone is morally safe. Multiplying Catholic Libraries is Father Brown's solution and, as we know, he has shown, in the Central Catholic Library in Dublin, what a source of light and leading such enterprises may be. He has written copiously on his chosen subject—he lectures in the School of Library Training, University College, Dublin—but in the book under review he has collected the cream of his study and observation, and the volume should be in the hands of all those who realize, not only the intense importance, for the preservation and growth of the Faith, of good reading, but the immeasurable harm done to the Catholic spirit by bad. The book abounds in sane discussion of interesting questions but we would especially commend the chapter—"A Word on Censorship of Literature."

J.K.

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## SHORT NOTICES

### THEOLOGICAL.

**T**HE special purpose of a new book on Our Lady, *Mary, Mother of Divine Grace*, by the Rev. Joseph Le Rohellec, C.S.Sp., translated by Rev. Stephen Rigby and Rev. Denis Fahey, C.S.Sp. (Ouseley: 3s. 6d.), may be said to be that it is intended to illustrate the spirit of the "Legion of Mary." A Foreword by Mr. Frank Duff, the Founder of the Legion, eloquently stresses the importance of Our Lady as Mediatrix of all Graces; we would only question his statement that "the days of the great conquests are not with us now." We would say that "the conquests" to-day are as "great" as ever they were; and as for devotion to Our Lady, there never was a time when there was more. But this is by the way. The book before us gives a full theological explanation of the meaning and extent of the Mediation of Our Lady; it con-

cludes with a study of Mary and the Priesthood, which has also at times raised questions. There is deep theology throughout, but it is so put as not to be beyond the ordinary reader.

## BIBLICAL.

A new series of Bible commentaries, to be entitled "Die Bibelstunde" forms at least one reply to the anti-Christian movement in Germany. The series opens with an exhaustive commentary on the Acts of the Apostles, *Die Apostelgeschichte* (Mathias Grünewald-Verlag, Mainz), by Dr. Anton Willibrord Witsch; and one can only say that, if this first volume is to mark the standard for all that follow, then the entire series will be a most complete Bible-encyclopædia. Moreover, it is written specially for students. Every method is adopted to help both eye and brain, summaries, enclosed sections, subdivisions, etc.; these alone prove the skill of an experienced professor. It may be enough to give here the content of the work and the manner of treatment. After a learned Introduction, dealing with the Roman Empire, the Jewish People, and the Acts of the Apostles as a whole, the author goes through the Acts, verse by verse, almost word by word, carefully watching for anything that may seem to need explanation. This is generously given, in the form of a running commentary, yet so beautifully printed, in two types, that reference is immediately easy. We have tested the material of the commentary, not by reading it through, but by some questions, and have never failed to be enlightened; the meaning, for instance, and use of the word "presbyter," the explanation of the Council in c. 15, to which an elaborate discussion is added, the cult of the gods in pagan Asia Minor. The author makes note of textual differences; when describing the missions of St. Paul, he does not fail to give copious references to the Epistles. Not least to be noticed, throughout the commentary, is the close attention that is paid to whatever may seem of use in our own troubled times. A very complete "lexicon" at the end serves both for a dictionary and an index. A number of appendices still more illustrate the author's attention to modern needs; such are a series of subjects, arranged so that they would be immediately used as the background of lectures, on Community of Labour in the Acts, the Place of Woman in the Acts, How the Early Church prayed, the Holy Spirit in the Church, etc. We have nothing but praise for this excellent piece of work.

The Dean of Philosophy, Dr. Régis Jolivet, at the Catholic University of Lyons has written an excellent introduction to philosophy, with the title *Cours de Philosophie* (Emmanuel Vitte: 30.00 fr.). It is short and needs to be explained by a teacher, but it does at least provide much scope for comment. As might have been expected from a philosopher like M. Jolivet, who is very much alive and up-to-date in his thinking, this textbook is the

quintessence of a full mind. It is surprising that so much live thought has been packed into so limited a space. This is the sort of book which could give balance to a Sixth Form, and it would not be out of place on the bookshelf of an undergraduate.

#### CANON LAW.

In a more convenient form than that provided by the "Acta Apostolicae Sedis," the Maison de la Bonne Presse are issuing, year by year, the *Actes de S.S. Pie XI*, as they have done those of previous Pontiffs. The seventh volume contains (Latin or Italian text with French translation) a collection of the Papal Allocutions, Encyclicals, Briefs, and Letters of the year 1931: a compilation most valuable to all students of history and canon law. The complete set from the beginning of the Pontificate till 1931 inclusive is available for 58.00 francs.

#### APOLOGETIC.

A new popular edition of *Catholic Religion, A Statement of Christian Teaching and History*, by the Rt. Rev. Charles Alfred Martin, LL.D. (Herder: 3s.), will be welcome to many who are engaged in teaching religion, whether in schools or to converts. Few summaries of Catholic doctrine contain so much; none that we know at so low a price. Man, God, Christ, the Church occupy the first two parts; each chapter is full of modern illustrations, each part concludes with an excellent summary. The third part deals with the Christian Life, *i.e.*, chiefly the Sacraments; the fourth gives an "historical perspective," admirably summing up the phases of the Christian Era. A good general index makes reference easy. We admire throughout a certain ease of expression, as of one who knows by experience what are the things that most catch a student's attention.

Divine Revelation, the presentment of Infinite Truth to finite minds, abounds in paradoxes and obscurities. In *The Questions of Youth, Notes for the Teachers of Religion*, by Father J. G. Kempf, Ph.D. (Coldwell: 8s. 6d. n.), a series of twenty-seven such difficulties are propounded and answered, as satisfactorily as possible, on such subjects as Providence, Predestination, Miracles, Grace, Hell, Evolution, the Divinity of Christ, the Church, Salvation, Confession, Marriage. Teachers of our higher classes of Secondary Schools and Catholic Evidence lecturers will profit by its study, for the author goes to the root of the matter in all that he deals with. There is a wealth of theological learning in the work, and it is presented pleasantly. There is a suggestive bibliography at the end of each chapter.

Three new numbers of an excellent series (each at 1.95 fr.) which has the title *Les Plus Grands Problèmes par Les Plus Grands*

*Maîtres*, fully bear out its claim. The first, **Douleur Maître de Vie**, by the famous Père Sanson, deals in a spiritual way with the meaning of suffering in the development of the Christian life. Père Sanson's words are earnest and eloquent and will console and strengthen. The friend of England, M. André Maurois, discusses the problems which face the youth of to-day in **La Jeunesse devant notre Temps** and gives them some sound and effective advice. Père Yves de la Brière, in a short essay entitled **Nationalisme et Objection de Conscience**, shows that it is the *left* and not the *right* that has been bellicose and ultra-national in France from the time of Napoleon, and lays down some balanced and sound judgments upon the commonly debated questions of Nationalism and Peace and War. (Flammarion: Paris.)

#### HOMILETIC.

Sometimes one dreads opening yet another book of sermons; not that they may not all be good, but that they may tend to remain at one level, and therefore ring too much alike. But we think those contained in **The Kingship of Christ** (Coldwell: 6s.), by Dr. Tihamer Toth, of the University of Budapest, are much out of the common. The author is very realistic. He describes life as a priest sees it in the streets of Budapest, and at times it is distressing enough. Then he brings the spirit of Christ to bear upon it, upon the home, the family, the individual, and notes the effect. The picture is of Hungary, but there is no page which does not carry its message to other countries. It is a book that might make one despair of Europe, except that at the same time the preacher shows a courage that becomes contagious. This book should be of great use to the Evidence Guild, as well as to priests who look for present-day material for sermons.

#### DEVOTIONAL.

Spiritual joy, simplicity, contentment with the will of God, are the chief notes struck in **Hours of Contemplation**, by Canon Adalbert Brenninkmeyer, D.D. (Coldwell: 2s. 6d.). The author has written out sundry conferences given in retreats; they show a shrewd understanding of souls, especially of such as are inclined to strain and worry in their spiritual lives, whom he has mainly in view, directing their feet along the way of peace.

It is twenty-two years since we welcomed the first edition of **An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious**, by Father H. A. Gabriel, S.J. (Kenedy & Sons: \$2.50), and the work has since been reprinted more than once. Considering the number of Commentaries on the Exercises which are constantly appearing, this evidence of staying power betokens some intrinsic excellence of treatment, and each successive edition has embodied so many improvements

that the author does not hesitate to assert that this latest is a new work. It is so arranged as to make easy and profitable the important business of self-reformation.

#### LITURGICAL.

Dom Philip Oppenheim, S.Th.D., professor of Liturgy at S. Anselmo, has planned a comprehensive manual of Liturgy for the use of Seminarists of which the first section has reached us, called **Institutiones Systematico-Historicæ in Sacram Liturgiam. I.** *Introductio in Literaturam Liturgicam* (Marii e Marietti: 8.00 l.). Thirty-seven small volumes in five series, grouped in two main divisions, General and Special Liturgy, will complete the work. This first issue gives a conspectus of the literature dealing with Liturgy from the earliest documents to the most recent commentaries of the present day. Indices of Authors, Documents, Periodicals, Subjects, make the employment of the book easy. The size of the work makes the information on the individual documents or writers scanty; but many references are given to studies on each document. One misses a few names that would seem to have right of place in such a work. Thus Father Browe, S.J., Dom Botte, O.S.B., and Drews are not mentioned. It remains to hope that Dom Oppenheim will be able to complete his plan and make a useful addition to the Liturgical Literature, which he has ably catalogued.

The liturgical movement cannot but be helped forward by **The Vernacular Missal in Religious Education**, a Dissertation submitted for his degree by Father Paul Bussard (Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C.). The author studies the history of the Vernacular Missal, from its earliest appearance till to-day; but he is more concerned with the results of its use, and whether or not it is to be encouraged. To discover these results he has sent out various questionnaires, and in this volume tabulates results; one need not say that his conclusions are in its favour, which leads him to make suggestions for the teaching of the Missal in schools. There is added a large bibliography.

#### NON-CATHOLIC.

The Rev. Conrad Noel is a man of great courage, but one might have thought that even his audacity would have shrunk from writing a **Life of Jesus** (Dent: 12s. 6d. n.), which is also the vehicle of eulogies of men and systems, *ex professo* dedicated to hatred of the Friend of the Poor. Mr. Noel confesses in his introduction that his debt to Lenin "is incalculable," and, on the last page of his long book, writes in this strain: "The miraculous uprising of the Russian peoples from bondage and despair has not only within it large elements of that early Christian renaissance, but has achieved, through the wisdom and courage of its leaders,

and countless other participants, so amazing a triumph that it is a matter for shame that Christians will not generally admit its glorious record" (p. 541). As everybody knows, the glorious record comprises the slaughter by bullets or starvation of several million human beings, as well as the extermination of nearly all the teachers of Christianity and of the Faith itself. Mr. Noel is a well-meaning kind-hearted man, but to attempt as he does in this rather dull, unscholarly and unnecessary book, to equate Bolshevism with the Kingdom of God as preached by Our Lord, is too naïve and even silly for any further comment.

In the note introducing us to the writer of *A Meditation on the Acts of the Apostles* (Faber & Faber: 3s. 6d.), Bishop St. Clair Donaldson, D.D., late of Salisbury, Mr. J. N. Dobbs sketches a picture of an intensely active man with an unbroken record of twenty years' daily meditation on Holy Scripture, with the results of each meditation recorded in writing—a measure of practical devotion to which every Catholic priest is exhorted by Canon Law to conform. The meditations themselves (the most legible of the Bishop's records) impress one as the thought and work of a man of genuine piety, completely sincere, and practical in their applications. But we miss that insistence upon the supernatural which informs Catholic devotion at every stage and transcends in motive and value the best achievements of natural virtue, admirable in their way as these are.

The main purpose of *The World Adrift; a Recall to God*, by R. A. Edwards (Methuen: 3s. 6d. n.), is to recommend Christianity to the modern mind, especially to the young, and to state the claims of the Church. It is refreshing to come across a non-Catholic writer who can say: "If it's right, as it is, to take full notice of Pope Alexander Borgia, it is urgently important that in the excitement of the discovery St. Francis Borgia should not be overlooked. The picture is not all black, etc." This sentence is typical of the author's arresting style, but it tends to over-simplification of issues. The history of Christianity is not plain black and white, nor does the interaction of Church and world effect any substantial change in the former. However, writing for Anglicans, he makes a sincere attempt to recall the members of his own Church to a sense of religion, although handicapped as he admits by its lack of clear teaching. There are some remarks on divorce and contraception with which no Catholic can agree. Again the distinction between what is "natural" and what is "unnatural" is not admitted and explained, although he rightly condemns the Lambeth Conference Resolution of 1930 on birth-control. If the writer really thinks that adulteration of saleable goods is wrong, why does he not say so? Is it really a thoroughly illogical paradox to say that sin can be forgiven? These are samples of "vagueness" but there is a lot of good material in this book.

In *The Credibility of the Christian Faith* (Simpkin Marshall: 8s. 6d.) H. S. Shelton makes a well-meaning attempt to set before the younger generation the logical structure of things religious so that it may make up its mind whether to be Agnostic, Broad Church or Catholic. In a wide and general way the author deals with the need of religion, the existence of God, the character and value of the Gospels and the advantages and disadvantages of the alternative solutions proposed. In dealing with Catholicism the writer has avoided some of the more obvious pitfalls. This, he tells us, he owes to the counsel of a former pupil, now a Catholic priest. It is a pity that Mr. Shelton did not consult his mentor more frequently. He might then have had some understanding of St. Thomas's argument from Motion to help him in Chapter I and the Appendix, or some knowledge of the evidence that miracles have taken place at Lourdes and elsewhere to aid him in Chapter VI. The discussion of the evidential value of the Gospels abounds in general misstatements and at times is merely silly. This chapter more than any other weakens Mr. Shelton's final claim that "this book deals with evidence." Too often does the book deal with evidence in a very sketchy fashion, so that any who had only this light to guide them in their search would be deserving of pity. *Anti-Nicene* for *Ante-Nicene* belies a famous "library."

#### HISTORICAL.

A new volume in the Collection "*les Grands Ordres*," *Les Ursulines*, by Marguerite Aron (Grasset 15.00 fr.), comes as part of the celebration of the fourth centenary of St. Angela Merici's foundation, the pioneer of the modern religious teaching Orders. The author describes the foundress, not by way of biography, but in the work she did and its purpose; then she goes quickly through the spread of the Ursulines, especially in France, dwelling with marked affection on the Ursuline martyrs of the French Revolution. A special section on the Teaching Vocation is full of good things, once more emphasizing the need of religion for any education that would give breadth of understanding and perspective. How this is applied in the Ursuline system, if such it may be called, occupies the greater part of this study; it concludes with an account of the part which the Ursulines have played upon the mission field. Last of all we are given the history of the modern "Roman Union" of the Ursulines, which will be of service to canonists and others.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

One of the freshest and most attractive books for children we have seen in recent years is the story of the late beloved Queen of the Belgians, *Astrid*, by Jeanne Cappe, translated by R. J.



Gurney and N. Nicholas (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.). The life of the Queen from her childhood to her tragic death is told with a lively interest which will enthrall youthful minds—as well as those of riper years. Her sweet gentleness, her love for the poor—she is compared not unworthily with St. Elizabeth of Hungary—her simplicity are all conveyed in direct and convincing language. It is illustrated with pleasing pen drawings by D. Ardley, and the beautiful photograph of Queen Astrid, a speaking likeness of a beautiful soul—made familiar through the Belgian Memorial stamps—makes a most fitting frontispiece.

Unity to the troubled period of the French Religious Wars is given in **Biography of a Family, Catherine de Medici and her Children**, by Milton Waldman (Longmans: 16s. n.), by centring it round the vacillating but ever-ambitious policy of Catherine de Medici. The "Family" was indeed remarkable. During thirty years (1559—1589), three of Catherine's sons, Francis II, Charles IX and Henry III (also King of Poland), wore the Crown of France; another, Alençon, was one of Elizabeth's many suitors. One daughter, Elizabeth, became Queen of Spain, another, Margot, Queen of Navarre. But the House of Valois was doomed to extinction, and despite her life of intrigue, Catherine died doubting whether Henry III would retain his crown till his death. The book is often highly imaginative, it is interpretative rather than strictly historical; but it is on that account all the more vivid. In religious matters the author aims at reproducing the thought and talk of contemporaries; unfortunately his irony at times suggests irreverence, and he affords at least one curious example of the ignorance of things Catholic which exists even among the educated: "She (Catherine) knows not what to think, and in her chapel says Mass . . ." (p. 42).

Apropos of the Pope's eightieth birthday many accounts of his illustrious career have been published but few as well-informed and fully-sympathetic as **Sa Sainteté Pie XI** (Éditions Spes: 15.00 fr.), by Mgr. R. Fontenelle who is a Canon of St. Peter's. Even in 432 pages the author cannot fully describe the impact on his age of a personality intensely active by nature and sustained in his output of energy by the prayers of the Catholic world. After a fairly full biography of the Pope the author deals successively with his work as Head of the Church—both in teaching the faithful by his magisterial encyclicals and as dealing with the States of the World, especially with the Italian and the German. In twenty graphically-written chapters the author summarizes the salient episodes and achievements of the Pope's career—one so turbulent in its outward circumstances yet so informed throughout with the spirit of peace. Never has a Pope sowed so lavishly and extensively the Word of God or waited so patiently for the harvest.

We hope this admirable biography will be made available one day in English.

Readers of Montaigne will be as surprised by the defence that can be made for him, as readers of Voltaire were by the study of him published last year by Mr. Noyes. This, at least, is the purpose of *Le vrai Montaigne, Théologien et Soldat*, by Marc Citoleux (Lethielleux: 20.00 fr.). The author begins with a summary of his life, stressing the mentality of Montaigne as that of a confirmed humanist who, nevertheless, sought to reconcile his humanism with Christian morality. He explains—or shall we say explains away?—the so-called “legend” of Montaigne, dwells on his life as a soldier and a student, by many quotations seeks to establish that his hero taught a true morality and a high asceticism. Unfortunately, as we read, other passages, not quoted, occur to the mind which, joined together, might tell another tale. Still, one cannot but be grateful for this attempt to put in the best light one who, with all his seeming coarseness and rudeness, probably sought at least to be sincere.

#### ARCHÆOLOGY.

All visitors to Palestine who have stayed with Father Tapper at the Tabgha Hospice on the Lake of Gennesareth will be delighted that the treasure in his keeping has been so excellently described in *The Church of the Multiplying of the Loaves and Fishes*, by Alfons M. Schneider, edited by Major A. A. Gordon, translated by Father Ernest Graf, O.S.B. (Coldwell: 15s.). In this work, admirably printed and illustrated, in a manner worthy of its subject, we are told the story of the excavations which have laid bare the foundations of this fourth century basilica and its mosaic floor, with the still earlier sanctuary beneath it; the special characteristics of the basilica are pointed out, and the documentary evidence is given, showing how well it was known between the fourth and the seventh centuries. The principal mosaics are then studied and compared with others; the book concludes with excellent reproductions of the very striking mosaics themselves, showing the great value of the find. It is a duty to add that “any profits arising from the sale of this book are to go to Father Tapper towards the upkeep of the building covering the mosaics and the newly laid out garden and enclosing wall.” Readers of H. V. Morton’s “In the Steps of the Master” will remember the author’s enthusiasm when he was first shown this discovery by Father Tapper.

#### FICTION.

In his book of short stories about St. Francis of Assisi, *Franciscan Fables*, Mr. Stanley B. James makes no claim to an historical basis, but manages to convey a sense of the atmosphere of the

Saint's period and a penetrating insight into its spirit which give verisimilitude enough to his very charming legends.

A novel called *The Last Romans, a Tale of the Time of Theodosius the Great*, written in 1897 by the Polish author Theodore Jeske Choinski, has been translated and edited by G. Barry O'Toole (Coldwell: 5s. n.), and gives a lively picture of the final days of paganism in Rome, showing the transition period before Constantine established Christianity. The author has put pagan virtue, at its highest, in the central figure of the story, Fausta Ausonia, the vestal virgin, who exhibits the characteristic Roman magnanimity, stoicism and courage. Virtue, however, without hope, for the book ends on a deep note of tragedy when Ausonia hurls herself to death upon the vestal flame and extinguishes it for ever. Like Fabiola and Callista, this classical tale will help students to realize an obscure period of ancient history.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Among the recent books received from Flammarion, Paris, are two brochures by M. Jacques Doriot with the titles *La France avec nous* and *C'est Moscou qui paie* (each 6.50 fr.). Unfortunately, as recent elections have shown, la France is not yet with Monsieur Doriot, though there are a number of people who look to him for his country's salvation. And there is a still greater number that considers that France needs to be saved from some quarter or other, though they are not yet in agreement as to what precisely that quarter is. However, Monsieur Doriot does excellent service in pointing out the harm that is being done by Communist propaganda and Russian financial support within the land which once gloried in the title of "the eldest daughter of the Church." He shows that their leading paper, *l'Humanité*, is run by foreign money and that the sole purpose of the Communist Party is to further the interests of Russian foreign policy. And who should know better than Monsieur Doriot who, for sixteen years, was an active member of that party?

It is the contention of Mr. H. Robbins in the little pamphlet—*Why a Land Movement* (published by T. Barry, Maryland, U.S.A.) that industrialism is unnatural and that, since grace must have nature to build on, an integral Catholic life is *impossible* in urbanized industrial communities. It is the plea of an ardent advocate of the natural existence of the farmer but, can we reasonably hope that men will ever return in bulk to that kind of life? And should we not, whilst doing what we can to promote it, also do our best to Christianize industry—as has been done on occasions by enlightened Catholic employers? We are glad to learn from the quarterly periodical—*The Cross and the Plough* (1s. annually) which Mr. Robbins ably conducts, that there is every prospect of the Catholic Land Movement, which made so promising a start,

being roused again to full vigour. We can support this truly Catholic enterprise by becoming members at 2s. 6d. a year. (Apply to Mr. H. Robbins, Weeford Cottage, Hill, Sutton Coldfield.)

#### PERIODICAL.

The third number of *Arena* is devoted to the subject of Marxism. On the whole it is well done though it makes somewhat heavy reading. The first three essays are adequate, that on Marxist Economics being remarkably lucid and well presented. Miss Hanschell criticizes the Marxist theory of history and makes some good points. Mr. Hawkins's article on Dialectical Materialism is less satisfactory, treats merely of Marx and Engels and leaves the important later developments quite untouched. These three essays are only the prelude to two very good literary studies on the Influence of Marxist ideas upon English poetry and on Surrealism. Mr. Turnell's exposition will be of value to the plain blunt man who regards the surrealist efforts as twentieth century lunacy. He insists that "the world of surrealist poetry is a stereotyped world—a world that has gone rigid and hard, a world filled with dead things, with mechanical dummies manipulated by trickery"—and that "Surrealism is not the beginning of a new movement, but the end of an old one." And it does not even have the grace to apologize for being an "unconscionably long time in dying."

#### MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The C.T.S. send us several 2d. pamphlets, amongst which the Rev. Sir John O'Connell contributes a selection of **Poetry of the Nativity** which consists of English hymns, poems and carols, and is a very welcome addition to Christmas literature. The second part of the junior series of **Lesson Leaflets**, Nos. 9—14, contains excellent matter, although set forth in a rather complicated layout. In the smaller format Father W. Raemers, C.S.S.R., contributes a book of short meditations for use before the Blessed Sacrament for each day of the month, called **Visits to the King of Kings**.

From the America Press we have the **Joint Letter of the Spanish Bishops to the Bishops of the World** (5 cents), with study club supplement, which cannot be too widely disseminated, and two issues of **The Catholic Mind**, for September 22nd and October 8th, in which, among other useful reprints, we find a magnificent sermon on "Social Responsibility" by Mgr. Hickey and a vivid description of how "General Franco Rescues New Spain" by Nena Belmonte.

A remarkable biography—**Egidio Bullesi** (Vastarella, Genoa: 0.90 l.)—of a young sailor in the Italian Royal Navy has been written by G. Navarro, S.J. Egidio was the second of eight child-

ren of good Catholic working people in Pola, and at the age of thirteen had to work in the dockyard to help his parents. Aged twenty he was sent to do his military service in the "R.N. Dante Alighieri." Here he showed his wonderful apostolic spirit and powerful influence for good; pure and clean of heart, humble and meek in spirit, resolute and unwavering in will; above all full of tender love for God, his country, his home. He burned his life out in trying to bring these blessings of love to his fellow-seamen and associates—a twin spirit in his own sphere to Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus.

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## "THE MONTH" FORWARDING SCHEME

Our real and customary thanks to all those who responded to our last month's appeal for new subscribers or "forwarders" to meet some really urgent demands on our waiting list. We hate to keep on asking, but we have suffered another blow since last month in the death of a benefactor who gave no less than six subscriptions for missionaries in distant parts. May we hope that others will take his place, so that those six may not permanently lose whatever solace THE MONTH afforded them? Direct subscriptions are preferable, but second-hand copies forwarded regularly are deeply appreciated.

**FOREIGN STAMPS.** We are very grateful to all who have sent us these, both at home and abroad, but without, we hope, seeming over-insistent, we have to lament (since missionaries suffer when these supplies drop off) that the amount received this last month has fallen off by about four-fifths of the previous month's total. We beg everyone who possibly can do so to collect—and get their friends to collect—foreign stamps and send them to us.

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Readers who are willing to forward their "Month" to a missionary or to provide an annual subscription (14s.) for one to be sent direct to the more distant outposts are asked to communicate with The Hon. Secretary, "The Month" Forwarding Scheme, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Readers *must* enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and all names and addresses, whether of missionaries applying for "The Month," or readers providing it, *should be printed in capitals*. Missionaries should notify the Secretary if their "Months" do not arrive regularly, and both priests and forwarders should send us any changes in address at once. (Subscription from U.S.A., \$3.50.)

**FOREIGN STAMPS**, particularly from British Colonies, are collected by the Secretary and sold for the work of the Forwarding Scheme. These should be cut off leaving roughly  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. margin. If edges or backs are damaged they are useless.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- ANCIENNE LIBRAIRIE CASTAIGNE, Brussels.
- Le Maeterlinckianisme.* Fascicule i. Pp. 218. Price, 28.00 fr. *L'Ombre des Ailes de Maeterlinck.* Pp. 21. Price, 2.00 fr. *L'Intelligence des Animaux.* Pp. 20. Price, 3.00 fr. All by Maurice Lecat.
- ANNUNCIADÉ CONVENT, St. Margaret's-at-Cliffe.
- Our Lady's Own Order.* By John Gibbons. Pp. 31. Price, 6d.
- APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, New York.
- Could you Explain Catholic Practices?* By Charles J. Mullaly, S.J. Pp. vi, 184. Price, 25 cents.
- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.
- Dictionnaire de Spiritualité.* Edited by Marcel Viller. Fascicule vii. Pp. 120. Price, 30.00 fr.
- BONNE PRESSE, Paris.
- Charcot.* By Marguerite Verdat. Illustrated. Pp. vi, 181. Price, 8.00 fr.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London.
- Alcasar.* By Egerton Clarke. Pp. 30. Price, 1s. *The Guardian Angel's Hour.* By Sophie zu Eltz. Illustrated. Pp. viii, 163. Price, 3s. 6d. *The People of God.* By Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B. Pp. xvii, 177. Price, 5s. *An Army Chaplain's Memories.* By Henry Day, S.J. Pp. v, 182. Price, 5s. *Father Brown on Chesterton.* By Mgr. John O'Connor. Pp. 174. Price, 5s. *Apologetics for the Pulpit.* Vol. III. By Aloysius Roche. Pp. viii, 269. Price, 6s. *Franciscan Fables.* By Stanley B. James. Pp. vi, 114. Price, 3s. 6d. *Know your Faith.* By Rev. E. C. Messenger. Pp. vi, 90. Price, 2s. 6d. *Letters of St. Vincent de Paul.* Translated and edited by Rev. Joseph Leonard, C.M. Pp. xxiii, 614. Price, 21s. *The Roman Martyrology.* New English Translation. By the Rev. James Hathway. Pp. xix, 532. Price, 7s. 6d. *Two Masters.* By Barbara Rochford. Pp. 32. Price, 2s. 6d. n. *The Four Gospels.* Pp. 309. Price, 1s. 6d. *Utopia.* By St. Thomas More. Edited by Mgr. P. Hallett. Pp. xxiii, 237. Price, 6s.
- COLDWELL, LTD., London.
- The Dissident Eastern Churches.* By Donald Attwater. Pp. xviii, 349. Price, 15s.
- DENT & SONS, London.
- Everyman's Literary Guide to the British Isles.* 20 pamphlets. Free.
- Von Hügel and Tyrrell. By M. D. Petre. Pp. xii, 203. Price, 7s. 6d.
- DESLÉE DE BROUWER, Paris.
- Études sur la Psychologie des Mystiques.* Tome II. By Joseph Maréchal, S.J. Pp. x, 556. Price, 25.00 fr.
- DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia.
- Next Sunday's Sermon.* By J. K. Sharp. Pp. xiii, 324. Price, \$2.00.
- HEATH CRANTON, LTD., London.
- On a Troopship to India.* By Henry C. Day, S.J. Pp. 66. Price, 3s. 6d.
- HEFFER & SONS, Cambridge.
- Democrats and Dictators.* By various authors. Edited by Sir Henry Lunn. Pp. viii, 150. Price, 2s. 6d. n.
- HUTCHINSON, London.
- Spanish Rehearsal.* By Arnold Lunn. Pp. 285. Price, 10s. 6d.
- KEGAN PAUL, London.
- The Truth about Childbirth.* By Anthony M. Ludovici. Pp. xvi, 204. Price, 10s. 6d. *The Egyptian Gods.* By Alan Shorter. Illustrated. Pp. xiv, 144. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., London.
- Science and Common Sense.* By W. R. Thompson, F.R.S. Pp. vii, 234. Price, 7s. 6d. n. *The Power and Secret of the Papacy.* By René Fülöp-Miller. Translated by C. M. R. Bonacina. Pp. 202. Price, 7s. 6d. *The Mind of the Ancient World.* By H. N. Wethered. Pp. xv, 301. Price, 12s. 6d.
- SANDS & Co., London.
- Saint Dominic and His Sons.* By Teresa Lloyd. Pp. 150. Price, 3s. 6d. *Thunder over Europe.* By H. Gigon. Pp. 124. Price, 3s. 6d.
- SHEED & WARD, London.
- Causality and Implication.* By D. J. B. Hawkins. Pp. 122. Price, 5s. *Wedlock.* By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Pp. x, 63. Price, 2s. 6d. *Hymns to the Church.* By G. von LeFort. Translated into English by M. Chandler. Pp. 68. Price, 3s. 6d. n. *Three Plays.* By Henri Ghéon. Pp. 286. Price, 5s. n. *Angels' Mirth.* By Ethel Cook Eliot. Pp. 299. Price, 7s. 6d. n. *St. Benedict.* By Dom Justin McCann. Pp. 301. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
- S.P.C.K., London.
- First Epistle of Clement.* Edited by W. L. Lowther Clarke, D.D. Pp. 114. Price, 4s. 6d. n.

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